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UNDER HIS WINGS.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY.

"Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below."

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TO

THE CHILDREN OF HIS LOVE,

FOR WHOM

HIS PRAYERS ASCENDED WITH EARNESTNESS AND FAITH,

This Book is Dedicated;

WITH THE DESIRE,

THAT THEY MAY KNOW THE GOD OF THEIR FATHER, AND REDEEMED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, MAY SERVE HIM WITH A PERFECT HEART AND A WILLING MIND,

AND

FIND IN LIFE, AND IN DEATH, A PERFECT SHELTER

"UNDER HIS WINGS."

CHAPTER I.

ONE life, only one;—and this of itself nothing, because lost in Christ. Its story can only be of thankfulness because upheld and sanctified in Him; and its narrative has no interest to others, except as it gives expression to the "old, old story" of His exceeding love; and yet it has its grandeur, because it portrays the life of one kept by the power of God. And this, if true to itself, would be the account of one early called by the Lord, who in simple-hearted dedication consecrated himself in loving allegiance to the Master, and manifested during his life the picture of the Christian gentleman.

In joy and in sorrow, an all-sufficient Saviour was ever near; and leaning on Him, he realized in a remarkable degree the fulfilment of the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"

He passed through life's pilgrimage, and now from "over the jasper sea," comes with double force to

those still on this side of the river, the lines he loved in his humility to repeat:

"O! if there 's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
O! what a wonder, that Jesus loves me!"

Robert Lindley Murray, son of Robert I. and Elizabeth Colden Murray, was born in New York, the 9th of 11th month, 1825.

His mother was the great-granddaughter of Cadwallader Colden, the last Colonial Governor of New York. His father was a prominent citizen of New York, actively interested in the philanthropic efforts of the day.

The following notice of this gentleman appeared in one of the city papers after his decease:

"He was a man of strongly marked character, his intellect clear and vigorous, and his memory astonishing. He belonged to a class of men rapidly passing away—men of active benevolence, of conservative and firm patriotism, and intelligent devotion to the real necessities of his fellow-men. His loss cannot easily be repaired."

The old homestead on Murray Hill, where Robert I. Murray was born, was the scene of many historic events, of which one only will be mentioned.

After losing the battle of Brooklyn Heights, Washington fell back on the country north of Harlem.

On the 15th of 9th month, 1776, Sir Wm. Howe, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, with Clinton and Tryon crossed Kip's Bay and occupied New York. Washington not being able to ascertain the intentions of the English with regard to the city, had dispatched Nathan Hale to find out what they were doing on Long Island, giving orders to Putnam, who occupied New York with a division of the patriot army, to remain where he was until further orders. But his videttes coming in with news that the British were crossing over, Putnam gave instant orders to march north, to rejoin Washington, by the Middle Road. Sir William Howe struck the King's Bridge Road and was hastening to intercept the flying rebels, which he could readily have done as he had some time the start of them.

Where the King's Bridge Road touched the hedges of the Murray gardens, stood the mistress of the mansion and her young daughters, waiting to welcome the gallant general. The lady was well-known to Sir William, although her Whig principles were not, and her courteous invitation to alight and partake of refreshments was received without a suspicion of the motive that suggested it. He thanked her graciously, but replied that he must hasten in pursuit of the rebel Putnam and his men. She represented to him the miserable condition of the patriot army, and the readiness with which he could

overtake them, especially if fortified by rest and refreshment.

Moved by her representations, and secure of overtaking the demoralized army, the Englishman could no longer resist the offer of the ladies' good cheer, and with his generals and staff dismounted, while Putnam stealthily reached McComb's Dam by the Bloomingdale Road, only wondering what had become of his enemy, and with no confidence in his safety from a surprise, until he saw the white tents of Washington's encampment. General Howe, when too late, discovered his mistake, but never questioned the intentions of the lady whose hospitality had lost for him a sure victory, and saved to the cause she loved one of its noblest officers.

Robert Murray imported one of the first carriages or coaches used in New York. The citizens were much averse to this innovation, and spoke of it openly as an evidence of aristocratic pride. To allay this feeling, he always called it his "leathern conveniency."

This gentleman dying in 1786, left two sons, Lindley Murray, the grammarian, who married, and afterwards settled in England, and John Murray, Jr., the grandfather of the subject of this memoir. The latter married Catharine Bowne, a descendant of John Bowne, one of the original settlers of Long Island. This gentleman's life and experience influenced in a considerable degree the future policy of the country

in regard to religious freedom. He had joined the society of Friends or Quakers, and in consequence fell under the displeasure of the authorities. He was arrested by the "Scout" with a company of armed men, and cast into a loathsome dungeon in New Amsterdam, where "he was kept very long and well-nigh famished to death," his family being forbidden to visit him. The Governor finding the punishment ineffectual to reduce the prisoner to submission, determined to enforce the threat of banishment. He was accordingly placed on board a Dutch vessel and conveyed to Holland. Here he prepared an appeal to the Home Government which administered a stern rebuke to Governor Stuyvesant.

In 1663 John Bowne returned to America, bearing this memorable letter from the Dutch authorities re-establishing tolerance in religious opinions: "The consciences of men ought to be free and unshackled, so long as they continue moderate, peaceable, inoffensive, and not hostile to government. Such have been the maxims of prudence and toleration by which the magistrates of this City, Amsterdam, have been governed, and the consequences have been that the oppressed and persecuted from every country have found among us an asylum from distress. Follow in the same steps, and you will be blessed."

The effect of this enlightened policy transmitted by the Home Government, was to establish religious

liberty in the colony, and while New England was burning witches, and torturing Quakers, New Netherlands received every one within its limits, of whatever creed or name.

Of John Murray, Jr., so many of whose estimable traits were largely inherited by his grandson, it was well said by a contemporary, "His delight was to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forsaken."

A resident of New York at the present day can scarcely realize that the house in Cliff Street in which the subject of this memoir was born, was at that time in the pleasantest part of the city. Filled with home-like residences, whose inmates lived on terms of social freedom, the claims of business had not then turned the lower part of New York into a great mart for trade. Here the infancy of Robert Lindley Murray was spent, and until he was three years old, no cloud darkened his life. Then a sad change came suddenly upon the family: two of the children were seized with a malignant fever, and died from its effects. The mother, overcome with grief and watching, fell a victim to the same disease, and the three were buried in one grave. The little boy so early deprived of a mother's watchfulness, was tenderly cared for, and when he was five years of age, her place was supplied to him by the marriage of his father to Hannah Shotwell, of New

York. He never knew what it was to miss a mother's tenderness, and the tie existing between step-mother and son was equally strong on the part of both. She watched over his boyhood and youth with loving fondness, and in return, it was his delight in manhood to minister to her comfort and smooth her path in her declining years.

As a child he was very attractive; his flaxen hair hung in long curls, while his clear complexion and soft blue eyes, with the winning smile which seldom left his face, formed a pleasing picture. His disposition was so gentle and amiable that even in childhood his mother never heard him speak an unkind word to his brother, or knew of any quarrel between them. Yet this was not in consequence of a sluggish disposition; for no one was more ready for boyish sports, or more unwearied in their pursuit. Naturally fearless and daring, he was among the first to join in any enterprise which might be suggested, while the unwearied energy which distinguished his character in after life, found vent in athletic sports and games.

One incident in his child life shows his disposition. He had stopped his hoop to watch the men excavating a cellar for a large house near his father's, watching eagerly the horses and carts, as load after load of gravel was taken away. One of the drivers disposed to tease the boy, threw some of the sand upon him every time he passed. At first the little

fellow brushed it away, but the repeated offence became troublesome,—what could be done? He was interested in the scene, and did not like to leave, but this sand bath was very annoying.

At last a bright idea occurred to him, and running into the house, he begged his mother to give him some pears. A basket full of choice ones had been sent to his father, and noticing his eagerness, she gave him two. Feeling some curiosity to know what he wanted to do with them, she looked from the window to watch his actions.

He waited quietly till his tormentor came near, then running up to him, put the pears in his hand, and went back to his hoop. The man looked astonished, but it is hardly necessary to add, threw no more sand on the little peacemaker. In the Spring of 1838, he entered Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, and there, as in his other schools, he soon made warm friends.

Winning and attractive in his demeanor and friendly to all, still his character was so pure and simple, that his intimate associates were always of the best class. He seemed to have no affinity for evil, and schemes for deceiving or disturbing the teachers found no abettor in him. His progress in his studies was commendable, his order list unsullied, and the time of his sojourn there was a season of enjoyment to his teachers and himself.

But his constitution was not vigorous, and the close application to study brought on such an aggravated form of dyspepsia, that he was obliged to return home in the Fall of 1840, and the phyicians forbade his resuming his studies. Country life was prescribed, and he spent the next year at Coldenham, the old home of the family, where one of his sisters then resided.

Refreshed and strengthened by the pure air, and the quiet of a rural life, the distressing symptoms were removed, though for two or three years he was unable to engage in any mercantile pursuit.

During this period

> "Life went a Maying,
> With Nature, Hope, and Poesy."

And in the enjoyment of his books, and agreeable associates, his bark drifted easily along life's stream.

His own letters give a picture of his life at this time.

7 *mo.*, 30, 1843. Soon after the receipt of thy last I forsook the "dim and treeless town," and posted direct to Coldenham, when father, mother, sister C. and self, started for a little visit to our Dutch cousins in Ulster and Dutchess counties. It was an exceedingly pleasant cruise, there is so much unsophisticated hospitality among them, and being in a private conveyance we made a complete circuit of all our friends. When it happened there was nothing particularly interesting to me, and the rest were seeing the old folks, I would scour the country on horseback.

After our excursion, which proved to all a very pleasant one, I am once more quietly ensconced at Coldenham, a very pleasant place; situated as it is between two ranges of hills, there is almost always a delightful air.

> "As if from Heaven's open gate did flow
> Health and refreshment on the world below."

The season has been so exceedingly dry that the garden is completely scorched up, "son regne d' un jour est passé," yet there are other sources of enjoyment, other "visible things," with which the lover of nature may hold communion.

The giants of the wood are still capable of rearing their heads, and affording a delightful shade, which in this fiery July weather is exceedingly acceptable. I often partake of it, seated on the ground, and listening to the "wood notes wild." I have also perpetrated considerable horseback-riding, and yet in all these things I am sadly in need of a companion; riding alone is but half a pleasure. I know it has been said,

> "There is society where none intrudes,"

but I am not prepared to unite therein.

11 *mo.*, 1843. We have just established a new society, which we dignify by the name of a Literary one, and on account of the smallness of our number, a considerable amount of service is required from each member.

We style our body the Fraternal Club; how does that do to begin with? Something brilliant thou expects from that! But to say the least of us, we are a very affectionate and loving band, and all is conducted with harmony and order. Perhaps, however, thy opinion of the Band Illustrious will be somewhat lessened, when I inform thee that at their elec-

tion for officers, they chose for president thy worthy scribbler.

But more of this if I find time and room. I will now hasten to give thee the news which is at present uppermost in my own mind, which is the safe arrival of our long looked-for brother.

We had been expecting him for some time, when we saw an account in the paper of the total wreck of the vessel in which we hoped he would arrive, but that the passengers were safe at Havana, to sail the next day for New York.

He made his appearance yesterday afternoon, and says, they were wrecked three days after leaving South America. He, as well as most of them, lost everything they had on board—clothes, and all his valuable papers; they had but one boat, which could only take nine, so after constructing a raft, the balance, four, shipped upon that, having first divided their scanty supply of provisions and water; these four have not been heard from.

To add to their trouble, the captain was sick, so that D. officiated in his stead, being pilot and captain at the same time. Shaping his course for Honduras, in the middle of the night, they crossed a reef of rocks, in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces; indeed it was considered a miracle that they were not. After being thus tossed about in their little boat, nine days and nights, and having exhausted all their provisions and water, the allowance of which had been two biscuits and some gills per diem, they at length reached Balize. Here he procured some clothing, and started again in the "Charles Hammond" for New York. This vessel, too, was wrecked, and they put into Havana in distress. After remaining here two or three days, they started once more, but again they were driven in all directions but the right one. About three weeks ago, they were within a few miles of the city, then were driven off as far as

Montauk Point, tried to get into the Sound, but could not succeed; but in a few days found themselves at the Capes of the Delaware. Here, however, they were so fortunate as to fall in with a pilot-boat, into which D. entered, and was glad to be set down at Cape May. This, though not New York, was at least "terra firma," and steamboats and railroads were preferable to a sailing craft.

Please excuse this long story; thou knows I generally write what is uppermost in my own thoughts, not considering what is interesting to my correspondent. But, indeed, a letter should be a map of one's own feelings at the time of writing, whether it be in a mood for wisdom, for sentiment, for gravity, or gaiety, for news or for secrets.

I cannot unite with the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that "to write a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gaiety, without news, and without a secret, is doubtless the epistolic art."

CHAPTER II.

THE year 1845 was always marked with a white stone in his memory, as in it he realized the fulfilment of a promise made by his father, that he would some day take him to Europe. With his buoyant temperament, and freedom from care, he entered fully into the enjoyment of the grand and beautiful, and his journal regularly kept, gives a graphic picture of the varying scenes which met his eye.

Some extracts will be given as portraying the zest of his pleasure, though as he himself said of it in after years, "some allowance must be made for many things; my views and sentiments upon some subjects have changed since then, and even my present, sober self, has been constrained to laugh most heartily at what was then penned amid intense excitement and the enthusiasm of the moment."

2d mo., 6, 1845. Embarked this day on board Packet Ship St. Nicholas, for Havre, took leave of the last of our friends who had accompanied us in the steamboat to the Lower Bay at eleven o'clock, and in an hour and a half were

outside of the Hook, and bidding adieu to our pilot, severing, as it seemed, the last link that connected us with home.

How checkered are the feelings of one departing thus; what a strange commingling of hope and joy, of sorrow and fear, hope in the prospect of pleasure in store, joy in the anticipation thereof; but on the other hand, sorrow and regret, yea, agony at parting from our friends, fear too at the abyss of time which is to separate them from us, months at least, years perhaps, perhaps from some, forever, and it is at a time like this that the truth of those lines of E. Barrett may be exemplified: "Though the Universe be broad, two little tears suffice to cover all."

After a short voyage for a packet ship, they landed at Havre on the 26th, and soon proceeded to Paris, afterwards through the south of France, and thence by steamer to Genoa and Leghorn.

His youthful enthusiasm breaks forth on reaching Italy.

3*d mo.*, 15th. "O Italy, how beautiful thou art!" Scarce had we landed at Leghorn this morning, when the clouds began to break, and when we started for Florence about two o'clock, a bright sun made glad our hearts, so that I was in a measure enabled to realize that a land rich in intellectual pleasure was before me, and as our voiture jogged steadily onward, towards evening I gazed with delight upon a beautiful sunset, at the "gorgeous drapery" flung around the departing monarch, and watched with rapture till all was lost in darkness. I will not say I have not seen sunsets as fine at home, in fact it *was* an American sunset, but it was the first I had seen since leaving, and it brought home to mind.

16*th.* "Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None are so fair as Florence."

"'Tis the past
Contending with the present, and in turn
Each has the mastery."

Here Galileo studied, here have labored the Raphaels, the Buonarottis, the Giottos, the Arnolfas, and from the city and its enchanting environs did Dante and Milton draw inspiration, while its stately palaces and monuments of art justly entitle it to the appellation, "la Bella."

17*th.* Spent most of the morning in the Imperial Gallery. It is crowded with the gems of art, and it seemed sacrilegious to hurry through it as we were obliged to. I was rather disappointed in the countenance of the statue, the praises of which are sounded to the ends of the earth—the Venus di Medici; it lacked the spiritual expression I had hoped to find, nor even did it seem to breathe like the production of our own back-woodsman—the lovely Eve of Powers.

We visited to-day the Church of Santa Croce, principally interesting to me from containing the tomb of Michael Angelo. The urn is surrounded by three beautiful statues —Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, weeping for their departed champion, the whole surmounted by a bust of himself.

Adjoining the Pitti Gallery, is a very extensive museum, in one apartment of which I could linger for hours; this is a splendid temple erected to the honor of the Tuscan philosopher. The room is beautifully adorned, and contains a statue of Galileo, while the walls are covered with paintings illustrating passages in his life, and the instruments with which his discoveries were made, contained in cases; there was, however, one relic which certainly was not to my taste —the actual finger preserved in a glass vase.

18*th*. While the rest of the company were preparing for breakfast, I went out to take a last lingering look at the beautiful bronze doors of the Baptistry, concerning which M. Angelo said, "They are worthy to be the gates of paradise," and to stand upon the venerated stone upon which the Italian bard used to love to sit and muse. It was one of the vases or basins in this Baptistry that Dante tells us he broke:

> "One of the stones I broke some years ago
> To save a drowning child; be this my word
> A seat, the motive of my deed to show."

I looked for the fragment, but could not find it; doubtless it had been removed. The Duomo, the Baptistry, and the Campanile are all together as in Pisa, and form a most imposing group. In the Duomo is a beautiful full-length portrait of Dante and some fine sculpture; the tower is higher than the one in Pisa, and commands a magnificent view of "la bella Firenze" and its lovely environs.

While father was performing his regular after-breakfast routine, I stole another hour for the Imperial Gallery, spending it in, to me, the most attractive apartment—the Tribune. The Venus improves greatly upon acquaintance, yet there is a statue of Apollo in the same room, and from the style, apparently executed by the same artist, which in spite of the world I could not help admiring as much. After this, went to visit the house of Michael Angelo, but I was very much disappointed at not being able to gain admission. It contains several of his works with his instruments and other relics in his studio.

Rome, 3d month, 20th. We have spent thirty-seven hours on the way from Florence to Rome—rather a long while to occupy the same seat; but the splendid scenery of the Appenines, among and on the tops of which we were for the

most of the time, fully entertained and delighted us through the day, and at night we slept, as much at least as a very hard seat and a jolting vehicle would allow.

The tourist of the present day will smile at the thought of a long ride by diligence between Florence and Rome, when the distance can now be so comfortably accomplished by railroad.

Nothing daunted, however, by the fatigue, an early visit was made to St. Peter's, where the ceremonies of Holy Week added interest to the venerable pile. He says:

I was utterly bewildered with its immensity and grandeur. It is a mass-meeting of magnificence of every kind concentrated under one roof.

The famous "Miserere" was to be performed in the Sistine Chapel in the afternoon; we stood in the crowd for half an hour awaiting the opening of the chapel door, which done, the mass poured in as fast as the Swiss guard would allow them. It was an hour before the service commenced, which, however, to me passed quickly, with M. Angelo's Last Judgment directly before me, and his equally fine frescoes on the ceiling above.

Fifteen candles were burning in a pyramid near the altar, representing the prophets and Saviour. Now the choir pour forth the mournful notes of the "Tenebrae," so called, as it used to be sung at midnight; this continued for an hour and three-quarters, but we were rivetted to the spot; the candles one by one were put out, and finally the last one extinguished—suddenly the "Miserere" commenced; it was a sweet, clear, and thrilling harmony, and all were breathless while it lasted for half an hour. It had kept us standing four hours

and a half, which, for those who had already been so the rest of the day, and without rest the two preceding nights, was no inconsiderable thing, yet in my delight I forgot it all, and went home rejoiced that I had been there.

21st. Longing as I have done ever since we have been in Rome to gaze upon the monuments of her ancient grandeur, I could delay no longer, but have visited the Palace of the Cæsars, and the grand Coliseum.

> "The gladiator's bloody circus stands
> A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

And is now consecrated, has altars erected, and a cross in the centre, to kiss which "absolves the sins of an hundred days."

It was a glorious night, the nearly full moon shone down in unclouded brilliancy, and I proposed a ramble among the ruins; its mellow light conceals defects, and reveals only beauties; it "softens down the hoar austerity of rugged desolation," and fills up the "gaps of time;" it veils the upturned earth of modern excavations, and fits the mind for undisturbed reflection.

We went first to the Coliseum, and what was my surprise to find it enlivened with upwards of an hundred visitors. I did not know there was so much romance in the world. We walked along the Appian Way under the Arch of Titus, passed the Palace of the Cæsars, the Temple of Concord, of Fortune and of Antoninus, through the Forum, and across the Capitoline hill. I stretched my historical knowledge to its utmost tension to people them with the beings, and throng them with the attributes of the past.

29th. This day has been delightfully occupied in an excursion to Tivoli. The road, for the first ten or twelves miles, has

little of interest, and I amused myself in watching the peasantry in their picturesque dresses; and the donkeys, upon which they pile such immense masses of fodder, as almost completely to conceal the animal from view, and make them resemble moving hay-stacks. We soon, however, came in sight of the Lago de Tartare, which we stopped to examine; the water of the lake is of a milky-white color, and tartarises grass, and all vegetable matter with which it comes in contact, so that the ground around it is a curious mass of petrefaction, the air too smells strongly of sulphur, and the whole country for miles around talks of volcanoes. We spent an hour or two roaming over Adrian's Villa, which must have been a wonderful place, as within its confines are the ruins of palace, temples, barracks, libraries, circuses, theatres, and even a heaven and a hell, for the summer accommodation of the luxurious Romans.

Tivoli is built upon a mass of petrefaction; the consequence is, grottoes, caves, and caverns abound in the most romantic perfection. The river Anie runs actually under the town, and rushes down the precipice in innumerable cascades, the principal of which pours thundering down into the Grotto of Neptune, through which it passes, and all unite beyond; directly over this, perched finely on the summit of a rock, is the beautiful little temple of Vesta, round which, like incense, the spray from the falls arises. Facing this and in the most romantic part of the town, and most inspiring of places the guide pointed out, what I fain would have believed was the abode of Horace. The guide-book, however, located the poet ten miles off, giving Sallust the honor of inhabiting the place in question.

4 *mo.*, 5*th.* The greater part of the last three days have been spent in the diligence between Rome and Naples, a distance which should have been accomplished in thirty hours.

But then we had the Mediterranean singing us to sleep with its roar on the one hand, and on the other the wild haunts of Fra Diavolo, "fit fabric" for a "vision's base." And now in Naples, we have letters from home which afforded ample occupation for the remainder of the day.

6th. We have had a delightful excursion to-day in the bay of Naples, and to the island of Capri; the steamboat following the land, we had an excellent view of the beautiful banks and of Vesuvius, continually pouring forth volumes of smoke, and surrounded by numerous villages and towns, as if the inhabitants were in love with danger. The steamboat stopped first off the far side of the island to give us an opportunity of visiting the Grottono Azuro, or Blue Cave, with which we were delighted; the entrance is so small as scarcely to admit a row-boat, upon the bottom of which it was necessary to sit. From the smallness of the aperture, it would be reasonable to suppose the cave would be dark; what then was our surprise to find ourselves immediately ushered into a splendid stalactite grotto, very large and lofty, and in which all is light. The water is of the richest indigo blue, and so perfectly transparent, that fish could be seen sporting far below the surface, and seems to act like a prism, and a mirror in refracting and reflecting the rays into all parts of the cavern, and giving to the whole interior the same beautiful blue appearance, of the effect of all which no description can give an adequate idea. Thence we landed upon the other side of the island, and ascended to the lofty summit to enjoy a splendid view of the bay, to throw stones into the Mediterranean, and to explore the ruins of the palace and theatre of Tiberius Cæsar. It was after dark when we reached Vesuvius, and the smoke was mingled with flame, every moment bursting forth in a blaze, and then twinkling as a star in the distance.

From Naples they left by steamer for the East, and enjoyed the sail on the Mediterranean among the "Isles of Greece."

Syra, 4 mo., 22nd. All the islands of the Archipelago appear to be excessively barren, far better fitted "to cradle upon a rock" their ancient race of "gods and god-like men," than to minister to the luxury of effeminate moderns. The men are for the most part fine-looking fellows, though among the women it would be difficult for sculptor to find a model for another Medicean Venus. There is a good deal of the Turk about the dresses of the men; their wide-flowing breeches so much resemble frocks as to render it almost difficult to distinguish the women from them. Syra is the point of rendezvous and departure for all the Mediterranean steamers, and only as such is a place of note; the town presents a curious appearance, being for the most part built upon a steep conical hill, surmounted on the extreme apex by a cathedral.

How long soever we may be doomed to spend here, from appearances the outer man will be comfortably cared for, in a place where we had been given to expect that we should find nowhere to lay our heads. We are located in a sociable little inn, of which the landlord is cook, caterer, and conductor at one and the same time, where everything, though plain and simple, is far neater than in Italy, and where one can discover what he is eating at dinner without cross-questioning the waiter.

25th. Hardly an hour after writing the above, we had started on our way to Athens, having when out on a stroll in the evening, accidently fallen in with the master of a little craft who was upon the point of starting in the desired direction and whom we immediately engaged. We

have just reached Athens this afternoon, with rough seas, head winds and calms, having had a tedious passage; it was, moreover, from beginning to end a season of the most exquisite suffering; the cabin, which was reserved for our party of five, was about five feet long, four broad, and two and a half high; upon the floor was spread a blanket upon which to repose at night; all this would have done very well, but unluckily the place was pre-occupied by swarms of cockroaches, fleas, and bed-bugs; the very smell arising from which was perfectly overpowering, while the gnawing and stinging of the voracious monsters in miniature, almost drove me to distraction; on the other hand to remain on deck, was, if possible, worse; not only were the nights excessively cold, but the little deck was literally piled with pieces of mortality, in the shape of men, women, and children, occupying almost every inch of space, and abounding too with vermin of by no means a more inviting kind. Three nights on board under such circumstances;—verily one needs not to brush up poetical and historical reminiscences to perpetuate the memory of such a cruise among the "Isles of Greece," and upon the waters of Ægeian Sea. The harbor of the Piraeus is well protected, and remains of ancient fortifications may yet be traced.

26th. Immediately after breakfast we went to visit the Acropolis; the rock itself is situated in the midst of ancient and directly upon the borders of modern Athens, towering into the air as high as any of the surrounding hills. After ascending and passing through the entrance, the first object that strikes the eye is the Propylaea, a kind of immense vestibule leading to the Parthenon. To the right of this, and perched upon a lofty crag, is a beautiful little temple, almost perfect, built and dedicated to "Victory," after the battle of Marathon. Passing now through the Propylaea, the grand

and majestic Parthenon bursts suddenly upon the view; this is situated upon the very summit of the Acropolis, and commands a magnificent view of the Ægeian Sea, the Gulf of Salamis, and the whole plain of Athens. Like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, I sat me down to contemplate.

The Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, is immediately adjacent to the Acropolis; I ascended the steps hewn out of the solid rock and stood upon the summit; here it was that the Athenian judges sat, in the dark, in order to avoid being influenced by acquaintance with the accused or accuser; here Socrates received his sentence, and upon this very spot stood the great Apostle of the Gentiles when he proclaimed to the wondering Athenians the truth of that "unknown God" whom "ignorantly they worshipped."

28*th*. To-day to Marathon. Leaving father at home with his friend Hill, I started for the excursion early in the morning, one of a party of eight; on leaving Athens the road passes in the immediate vicinity of Plato's academic grove, and for some distance along the ruins of the river Elissus. Two hours ride brought us to the foot of Mount Pentelicon, the source of the renowned Pentelic marble; here we dismounted, and ascended for nearly two hours, viewing the quarries of the ancient and modern Greeks, and exploring a most beautiful and extensive grotto.

The mountain is 350 feet high, and most of the party having reached a lofty eminence declined proceeding further. I, however, pushed on till I reached the uppermost crag, where a glorious view burst upon the sight. Not far to the south is Mount Hymettus, celebrated for its honey, which is daily upon our table; further to the right the plain of Attica; Athens with her towering Acropolis in the distance, with the sea and island of Aegina, and "thy glorious gulf, uncon-

quered Salamis." To the north and east the island-studded sea, stretching as far as the eye can reach, with the picturesque Negropont close at hand, while directly beneath my feet lay unrolled a beauteous plain, which a fool would not need to be informed was gray old Marathon.

> "The battle-field where Persia's victim horde
> First bowed beneath the brunt of Hella's sword."

The country is wretchedly miserable, hardly a trace of cultivation anywhere to be seen; in fact, except its ruins, its views, and its places of political and historical interest, one is apt to be disappointed in Greece. The people are sadly degenerated, a race of rascals and of knaves; their songs are harsh, monotonous, discordant; their women have lost their wonted beauty; and their country even has sunk into decay. It is Ancient Greece one has pictured in his fancy, and the modern cannot realize his dream. "'Tis Greece, but *living* Greece no more."

29*th*. Breakfasted this morning with our friends, Hill. They mentioned having raised in their garden bunches of grapes two feet and a half long, and weighing seven pounds, which amply demonstrated that the soil is not to blame, but that if the people would but arouse from their lethargy, the country might now be productive.

5 *mo*., 1*st*. On rising this morning, found ourselves off Scio, the most beautiful of the isles we have yet seen, its valleys rich with the olive and mastic trees, and the hills cultivated to the very top, besides Homer gives it celebrity, "the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle." By two o'clock we reached Smyrna.

The town of Smyrna appears very well from the water sloping gently toward the shore and stretching a couple of

miles along the coast, with the tall slender minarets of its innumerable mosques towering high above every other thing. On entering the city, however, the scene is changed, every street being excessively narrow, crowded, and dirty, still the appearance of everything around him is to a stranger new and curious. The houses and shops are mostly one story high, the extending roofs of the dwelling-houses on opposite sides lapping over one another, while the streets of the bazaars are protected from the scorching rays of the sun by a semi-transparent roofing thrown from side to side. The shops are altogether open in front, the goods disposed upon the floor, upon which the cross-legged proprietor sits with pipe in mouth, perfectly still as if communing with his own thoughts and little desirous of being disturbed by customers.

I stood in the midst of the ancient church of Smyrna—one of the seven. This place, once occupied by the early Christians, is now transformed into a cow-stable.

2d. The streets of Smyrna are so narrow that not a vehicle of any description is seen, all burdens being borne by men, camels, and donkeys; these latter are not as generally represented, but smart and tractable, and if well-cared for would be tolerably handsome animals. Finding some ready-harnessed in the street, we mounted, and drove a little out-of-town to the Caravan bridge, a kind of promenade, or rather lounging place. It was, however, the wrong time of day and almost deserted; hence to the slave market, where we found no "beautiful Circassians," but Africans only, apparently contented with their lot, but all of them far blacker negroes than we see at home.

4th. "Constantinople in sight," cut short my slumber. I tumbled out of my berth, and hurried up on deck; there the eastern city of the seven hills, lay stretched before us with

her majestic domes and slender minarets towering to the skies. The city has a beautiful appearance from the water, with the lovely Seraglio gardens directly in front of the harbor as you enter. Constantinople, as you see it at a distance on the water, and Constantinople as you behold it when wandering through its streets, are altogether different things; the streets partake largely of the barbarity of the people, excessively narrow and filthy, without sidewalks, and paved with stones rough and sharp enough to wear the fraction of an inch from one's stature by a half-day's walk upon them; still the variety of costume in the throng that crowds them, and the rich and curious appearance of the innumerable shops, form a picture altogether new and pleasing. The dress of the Turks, however, I cannot admire, while that of the Greeks is extremely beautiful.

6th. We joined the American ambassador at an early hour this morning, pursuant to a previous invitation from him, for an expedition among the beauties of the Bosphorus, the Hudson of the eastern world; several ladies were of the party, the whole number consisting of about twenty, it being, of course, an entirely American affair and no others than Americans present. A painter only could describe such a landscape as this; but the principal features were, looking toward the east, the black sheet of the Euxine dotted with innumerable sails, and stretching as far as the eye could reach, with the ruins of an old Venetian castle upon its banks, situated in the very place, than which the genius of the picturesque itself would not have imagined a better; toward the west a full-length portrait of the meandering Bosphorus, its picturesque promontories and beautiful bays, and bearing upon its bosom twice an hundred sails, with the Sea of Marmora and snow-capped Olympus in the distance; directly beneath our feet, upon the north, lay that

splendid Bosphorus again, and behind to the south, a vale of the richest verdure. After feasting upon this intellectual meal, we were summoned to dinner,—a strange affair it seemed for a party of Yankees to be holding a picnic five thousand miles from home; but even thus it was, and thanks to the hospitality of our American ambassador, never did Americans enjoy themselves better. Soon after dinner it was time to depart; so cutting a Daphne cane from the furthest point from home that I have ever been, and ever expect to be, upon the Asiatic corner of the Bosphorus and Euxine Sea, again mounted our Araba, jolted down the mountain, passed through the lovely valley, stepped from Asia into a caique and retraced our way along the Bosphorus, enjoying another succession of enchanting views, among which one might revel for a life. When about half way down I enjoyed a magnificent sunset,—the monarch of the day departing,

> "Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light,"

reflecting its glory upon the water, and gilding the green wave "which trembled as it glowed." Now turning into the city's gorgeous bay, the shades of evening or of twilight added to the witchery of the scene, and again I trod on shore, after having spent a day, which shall be a white stone in my calendar, a time ever to be remembered as among the loveliest periods of enjoyment that have ever cast their halo around my path.

The extreme eastern point was now reached, and the travellers again embarked on the Mediterranean, landing at Trieste on the 19th of 5 mo. They visited the cave of Adelsburg, and then started by diligence

for Vienna. After a sojourn of ten days in that delightful city, they resumed their journey.

6th mo., *1st.* We were off in a carriage at midday for Salzburg, at which place we have arrived this evening. The road is a continued series of most magnificent and beautiful scenery, where, if Switzerland can be surpassed, we may be tempted to remain for life. Verily, this country seems made for travellers, and for lovers of the romantic and beautiful; the roads wind around, and pass over mountains of the wildest magnificence, now following the shores of tranquil lakes embedded in their midst, now chasing the leaping torrents as they thunder along between them, but when the genius of the picturesque will allow of the approach of cultivation nothing can exceed the smiling exuberance of this beautiful land; indeed in this respect it must even be a rival of lovely Italy, the garden of the world. The approach to this place, and the view of the whole plain of Salzburg, hedged in by snow-capped mountains, is strikingly interesting and beautiful.

13th. Once more in the land of the olive and the myrtle, the fig-tree and the vine, of pretty faces, with mouths unpolluted by horrid Dutch, and a happy release from the region of feather-beds to sleep under. Italia's smiling and exuberant plains now afford a striking contrast, and not unpleasing variety to the overpowering sublimity of the Tyrolean Alps.

15th. I am indeed in Venice, the city which, perhaps, of all others, I had most desired to see,—Venice the seat of poetry, of the arts and of romance, "throned on her hundred isles;" the glorious city in the sea, whose waves ebb and flow in her streets, washing "the marble of her palaces." I have been surprised to find that it is possible to go all over the city by land without the assistance of a gondola; these terra

firma streets are, however, very intricate, and upon an exceedingly diminutive scale, as I find I can generally reach across them, but they are large enough for all necessary purposes, there being no vehicles, and so far as I can discover, only one horse in the whole place. The finest part of the city is St. Mark's Place, a large open court, on which face the old palace of the Doges, and the great Church of St. Mark, with the towering campanile in front.

16*th.* Rome and Venice share the glory of containing the ashes of Canova, as in the former his hands are entombed, while here in the Church of Santa Maria de Trari, a magnificent monument is erected over his heart; it so happened he designed it himself, and intended it as a monument to Titian, but dying just at the right time, it was appropriated as above, though a still more splendid one is now preparing, commemorative of the illustrious painter.

Explored the room and prisons of the Inquisition, whose tales are sad and horrible, and felt almost sick at heart as I stood and gazed upon the Bridge of Sighs. The palace, like everything else here, is falling to decay, and indeed it almost makes one sad to glide quietly and songlessly through the watery streets of Venice, to see at every turn her crumbling splendor and her tottering walls.

30*th.* The whole of the past two days have been occupied in a pilgrimage to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. Leaving the hotel at six in the morning, the first five hours are accomplished in a "char-à-banc," or rather in a "char-á-côté," a species of vehicle drawn by mules, having the seat arranged lengthwise in order to accommodate itself to the narrowness of the road; being moreover sans-springs, the poor inmates labor under the difficulty of having their breakfasts digested long before the dinner time arrives. However, being

duly refreshed at a wretched hotel in the wretched little hamlet of ——, the road now becoming impracticable for the chars, each of us mounted a mule and proceeded onwards; soon, however, the path emerged into a regular climb up rocky steeps, and, for an hour before reaching the convent, passed over snow of unknown depth, some of which, doubtless, had lain there for centuries, and perhaps the very same that was trampled under foot of him who led an army hither en route to conquer at Marengo.

Unluckily for us, though the day at starting had promised fairly, soon after taking mules the rain began to descend in no very comfortable quantities, changing as we ascended into a regular snow-storm, while, being in the midst of clouds, we could see but a few paces around or before us. Ever and anon too, our mules would sink to the girths in the snow, rendering it impossible to proceed upon them, so that much of the way was accomplished on foot. By six in the evening we were at the convent, cold and wet to the skin, but our troubles were soon put an end to by the kind hospitality of the "brethren," who piled the wood upon the fire, urged a change of raiment upon us, and when sufficiently revived, invited us to dinner; the fare excellent, though plain, a long cold ride upon the back of mules, furnishing the best of "ragout." Strange it seemed to be there in the midst of summer, shivering around a fire, and a furious snow-storm raging without, and glad we were to turn in at an early hour under an array of blankets, coverlids, etc., that would have daunted us in the midst of winter at home.

In the morning I was up betimes to attend the service of the monks in their chapel; whatever may be said against the religion of the Catholics, their faithfulness and devotedness to it is certainly praiseworthy, and may, doubtless, be often accepted as an offering in faith. These monks perform their service for several hours every morning and evening, and,

for all I know to the contrary, as much more during the day and night. This over, and after having partaken again of the good-cheer of the brethren, I sallied out to look for the famous dogs; they are hardly as large as I expected to find them, but are certainly a noble race. Hence to the Morgue, or depository of the bodies of travellers who have perished in the snow,—a ghastly collection of dry bones, with a dozen or two upright skeletons ranged around; but as I was turning in disgust from this horrid "Golgotha," my eye rested upon the really interesting features of one of the figures, the anxiety and distress of a mother as she cherishes in her bosom her perishing babe, doubtless the very position in which they had been found. In the hall of the convent is a monument in memory of Napoleon, and in the chapel repose the remains of Desaix, whose body, by order of the former, was brought from Marengo hither.

Though the storm had ceased, the clouds still hung around us, so at eight in the morning we commenced our descent, without having been able to enjoy the prospect from the summit, or the fine view of Mount Blanc which it presents, but at least with the satisfaction of having slept in the highest human habitation upon the face of the earth, and about eight thousand feet above our fellow-men.

Luzerne, 6 *mo.*, 11*th.* After enjoying the sail upon the lake, we landed at the little town of Weggis, and commenced on foot the ascent to the Rhegi culm, from which is "the most magnificent view in the world." The road is steep and the ascent laborious, but almost every turn reveals some new and pleasing prospect. By two o'clock luckily the sun burst forth, and the curtain of the clouds arose, unveiling before us the magnificent scene; and such a scene! verily a whole vocabulary of the wildest superlatives would be applied to it in vain. Switzerland, from its Dan to its Beersheba, is seen

in one grand coup d'œil; from the glacier snows of Gothard the eye may wander to the highlands of Germany, resting in its course on every alp save one, on fourteen lovely lakes, and on every magnificent and lovely portion of this magnificent and lovely land.

23*d*. He next revelled in the lovely Rhine, "so often and so justly sung by the poets of all nations," and then passed on through the quaint pictures of home-life displayed in Holland. Bidding farewell to "this amphibious Dutch land" with its dykes and ditches, the travelers remained for a time in Antwerp enjoying the remains of Rubens' genius. Brussels came next, and interested him greatly from its intrinsic beauty and historic associations.

2*d*. But the great lion of Brussels is the memorable field of battle, and it has been with the most thrilling interest to-day that I have stood upon and explored that "Grave of France, the deadly Waterloo," our guide pointing out the exact position of the contending armies, and the most interesting points of combat; he indeed spoke with enthusiasm upon the subject, and, after hearing we were not English, mourned the catastrophe of Napoleon, ever and anon venting his indignation against poor old Grouchy for coming up too late. Yet one can hardly avoid partaking of such feelings himself; yes, poor Bonaparte, here it was that cruel frisking Fortune deserted thee, "her spoiled, but favorite child," and "the greatest nor the worst of men" sank to rise no more. But for thirty years the spear hath been beaten into the pruning hook, and now far other scenes have place; the peaceful bosom of the plain now "knows no

ravage save the gentle plough," her undulating surface is clothed with grain ripe unto the harvest, and nature still pursues her quiet course,

> "As if she took no care
> For what her noblest work had suffered there."

They remained for some time in England, forming pleasant acquaintances and visiting many places of interest. Only one notice will be given of their visit to the home of Lindley Murray, the grammarian, who, after leaving America, had lived for many years at York.

9 *mo.*, 16*th.* To-day has been a most deeply interesting one to us. Accompanied by our friend Samuel Tuke, we visited Holdgate, the residence of our dear uncle and aunt. Its present tenants were all absent; we, however, went in and examined it from top to bottom. The house and grounds remain very much the same as before the death of their venerable inmates, and with the exception of being considerably smaller, seemed very like the idea I had formed of it from the prints. After purloining some small relics in the way of pears, we left and visited the grave. Uncle and aunt lay side by side, apparently exactly in the centre of the ground, with a square mound erected over them.

10*th mo.*, 4*th.* Went on board the steamer at twelve o'clock, very many kind friends being upon the wharf to bid us a last farewell. At two we received our mails, and ere night, were "dancing in triumph o'er the waters wide." And what if the fierce Eolus does unprison the winds and let them loose upon us, "scooping the ocean to its briny

springs." I still love the ocean, for it bears me home, and I love its roughness "for the speed it gives."

And now upon a retrospect of the past nine months, what eventful ones have they been to me; how many "a mountain path" have I, during that time, trod; how many "a varied shore" sailed along; how many a clime have visited, "fair withal as ever mortal had imagined;" and with feelings that cannot readily be described; upon how many of the most remarkable places of the earth have I stood. I have passed through the length of "bonnie France," and revelled amid the inexhaustible delights of Italy, that delicious land:

> "The garden of the world, the home
> Of all art yields and nature can decree."

I have gazed, awe-stricken, into the very crater of Vesuvius, and wondering threaded the streets of Pompeii, that "city of the dead." I have stood within the coliseum's walls "amid the chief relics of mighty Rome," feeling at the time my heart run over "with silent worship of the great of old." I have hailed with delight Calypso's realms, albeit the fair goddess has long ceased to mourn for him "who dared prefer a mortal bride;" although "her reign is past, her gentle glories gone."

I have gazed exultingly on Morea's hills, and a pilgrim, pensive but unwearied, have worshipped "all that remains of thee," "shrine of the mighty," Greece! Though but the shadow of thy former self; though but the "sad relic of departed worth," yet thy wreck and thy ruin are still graced "with an immaculate charm which cannot be effaced."

I have been where Troy stood once; I have seen the "desert of old Priam's pride," and "looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye." I have joyed to plough through Helle's waves, albeit in a most unromantic steamer, and have had a tear to drop for thee, poor Leander, and thy Sestian bride.

From Marmora's waters I have looked upon old Stamboul, "that sheening far, celestial seemed to be," and have stood within her oriental walls. I have revelled among the beauties of the enchanting Bosphorus, with a measure of Pizzaro's feelings on first coming in sight of the waters of the Pacific. I have climbed to the summit of the Giant's Mountain, and seen thy sheet, "dark Euxine," unrolled beneath my feet. I have been tossed to and fro upon "fair (?) Adria's waters," and have bent mine eyes upon thee, land of Albania, thou "rugged nurse of savage men."

I have stood in Venice on the "Bridge of Sighs," and with Rogers have hailed the turrets of Verona, breakfasting "where Juliet at the mosque saw her loved Montague," and strove to drop a tear o'er her tomb.

I have communed with Nature in her loveliest as well as in her wildest mood; long delighted, have revelled amid the immaculate loveliness of Central Germany, and amid the tremendous grandeur of the Alps of the Tyrol. On Bernard's rude summit, have helped the monks "to count their beads and eat venison," and in one glance sublime, have looked from the top of the Rhegi, upon the whole of splendid Switzerland, spread out, as it were, beneath my feet. Wondering and delighted, I have gazed upon the hoar glaciers of bleak Mt. Blanc, and have seen the precipitous Jungfrau "rear her never-trodden snow."

I have sailed upon the bosom of thee, fair Rhine, thou "exulting and abounding river," whose banks are wedded to the romantic and the marvellous; have stood upon thy fields of blood, "dread Waterloo," where nations combatted to make one submit, and with a sort of thrilling horror, have gazed upon the awful Golgotha erected in thy midst, where are "rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent;" and last of all, have hailed the white cliffs of our fatherland.

But now, "once more upon the glad waters of the dark

blue sea," and homeward bound, I can look without regret upon Albion's lessening shores, for my face is turned at last toward my own dear native land, and after all my wanderings, I have learned more fully than ever to appreciate, that there is no country like our country, and "no place like home."

CHAPTER III.

THUS far his joyous life had glided on with very little to mar its brightness; but the time was now approaching when the responsibility of living pressed upon him, and he realized the necessity of better guidance than his own, to enable him to walk as becomes a follower of God.

His tastes were always pure and simple; his loving heart preferred the happiness of others to his own, and earnest conscientiousness had always marked his character.

Those who watched his childhood and youth, scarcely ever had occasion to notice a fault; yet to him, as to all the redeemed of God, came the essential change from nature to grace. The new heart was bestowed, new feelings filled his mind, and a new motive was given to his actions.

The change was so gradual, that he often said he could not tell the time of his conversion. As a sleeping child wakens at its mother's kiss, so he awoke to a realization of his Saviour's love, and willingly surrendered himself to His guidance.

In his humility, he failed fully to appreciate the privileges of the Gospel. He did not at once accept

the Lord Jesus, as "his present, perfect Saviour," as he delighted to call Him in after life. There was a struggling and wrestling for the blessing the Lord had for His servant; but as he examined the written Word, under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, he grew in knowledge and wisdom, and the service commenced, which only ceased when the summons came to a higher and nobler sphere.

A casual observer would not perhaps be aware of any change. His laugh was as joyous, and his appreciation of the pure and beautiful as keen as ever; but those who knew him best, could see the evidences of allegiance to his new Master.

One of the intimate friends of his youth, describing his character, says of him: "His influence was uniformly on the side of right and religion, and we all, as a matter of course, expected him to walk consistently as a Friend, while from his genial manners and pleasant way of putting things, he could say and do what he pleased We knew that he would never judge us harshly, nor speak sharply to us, however much we might differ, and he was always welcome. Looking back now, I perceive he always made us better and more thoughtful by our intercourse with him. He always made his own position apparent, and yet I hardly know how he did it. It was a kind of atmosphere around him, rather than any brilliant, erratic flashes going out in darkness.

His earnest desires to be made entirely conformable to the will of the Lord, will be seen by the following extracts from letters to an intimate friend:

2 *mo.*, 7, 1848. I greatly hope our correspondence may prove of service to us in the best sense, fulfilling the declaration of the Apostle, "considering one another to provoke unto love and good works." If we know of no higher help, vain indeed would be all we could administer one to another; but if we are enabled ourselves to build upon the Rock of Ages, may we not also in some measure "build one another up," as the Apostle says, "in the most holy faith?"

I have thought we may be discouraged by the smallness of any offering we may feel required to make. If we would know of the windows of heaven being opened, and the blessings being poured down from our Father, all the tithes, small as well as great, must be brought into the storehouse. I believe the Pharisee was not condemned for bringing tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, but for neglecting the weightier matters of the law. And even the turtle-doves and little pigeons under the law, were accepted when offered in the obedience of faith.

3*d mo.*, 1848. I have found myself somewhat restricted for a year past in regard to company and visiting, though enjoying these things with perhaps more than usual zest. It not only intrudes upon the only time I can call my own, viz., the latter part of the evening, but I also find my equilibrium is so prone to be disturbed. Though I have sometimes entered upon these occasions with, may I not say a prayer, to be preserved in my proper place, yet through unwatchfulness have made food for repentance in my retirement afterwards. I have often thought the Apostle James was very safe when he declared, "He that offended not in

word, the same is a perfect man;" and, ah! how great an attainment to be enabled to bring not only our actions and our words, but even our thoughts into subjection, unto the obedience of Christ.

I believe, however, it is quite allowable for us to mingle to a proper extent, and in a proper manner, with our friends, but it does seem indispensable that we carry and keep our watchfulness with us.

And if this is our desire, may we not hope that through the good Spirit of Him, who attended the marriage of Cana, we may be enabled to adorn His doctrine while participating in social pleasures as well as in all other things.

4 *mo.*, 15. I have found in any little requirement, when the duty is clearly made known to us, if we but fully make up our minds at first, faithfully and in simplicity to fulfill it under all circumstances, we shall be enabled to do so, and will spare ourselves many conflicts. I was pleased in a little scrap I was reading the other day:

"Go where His finger points the way,
Nor tarry till He bid thee rest,
And He whom winds and waves obey,
Shall bless thee, and thou shalt be blest."

5 *mo.*, 7, 1848. Hast thou seen a series of letters of Claude Gay, which have lately been appearing in the "London Friend?"

I remember a view he took of a text of Scripture which quite impressed me, and which may be encouraging at times when we may feel depressed at the faintness of any opening of duty, and may be disposed to wait for greater manifestation of the will of the Father:

"The Lord is to be found by those who seek Him early, not only in the early part of their lives, but also when any

duty is first presented to their minds, and He would make the truest and most advantageous decision; and not only so, but would enable us to go through those difficulties that an entire submission to Him would seem to bring upon us, and in due time crown us with peace here, and with glory hereafter."

I have never been more strongly solicitous than for a few days past, that I might indeed be one of the redeemed children of the Lamb, having my robes washed in His blood, and every thought, inclination, and desire subservient to the Father's will. This has tended only to make the consciousness of my own great deficiencies more overwhelming. May He who has all power in heaven and in earth, make bare His holy arm for my deliverance and preservation. I am comforted in remembering, that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and an immortal soul is declared to be of more value than many sparrows.

The service to which he was afterwards called, of ministering to the Lord in the assemblies of the people, now faintly appeared before Him. While shrinking from the magnitude of the work, his simple-hearted dedication and trust enabled him to perceive that the power which required the offering, would be all-sufficient to His believing children.

7 *mo.*, 13, 1848. In regard to the important subject of which we were speaking, I may say, that there is such a shrinking of all that is natural in me, from so fearful a service, that I feel as though the stretching forth of my hand unbidden to the ark would not be my greatest danger.

And while I pray to be preserved on either hand, my earnest intercessions for clearness of vision have been hereto-

fore so marvellously answered, that I believe the same favor will still be mercifully granted.

This matter seems very much in the distance to me, but the weight of the prospect would be overwhelming, were it not sealed with sweet consolation upon my spirit; that the Great Captain sendeth not forth to warfare unshielded or unarmed. He most assuredly will thoroughly furnish His dependent little ones for the faithful discharge of all that He may require at their hands, to their own peace, and even to His glory.

But, O ! if these things be so, may the burial by baptism be indeed unto death, that I may be enabled to yield myself unto God, as one who is alive from the dead.

I have often thought of the encouraging language to Joshua, as also to Gideon and many others, especially Moses. How wonderfully the Most High condescended to plead with him, and to remove all his fears. Surely these are left on record for our encouragement, also to show us that we have not a hard Master, but at the same time One that must be obeyed, happily for us if with a willing heart.

As I was sitting in meeting yesterday, querying why this subject should be brought before me, while so many other trials of faith were already pressing upon me, the answer quickly came : "It is that thou mayst come experimentally to know my grace to be abundantly sufficient for thee, and my strength to be made perfect in thy utter weakness." After which a sweet calm spread over my mind.

Thus it is, that He who knows so well how to succor those that are tempted, sendeth us in the needful time help from the sanctuary, and strengthens us out of Zion, enabling His children to gather, day by day, a measure of spiritual and sustaining manna. Whatever be His blessed will concerning me, whether to make me as one of the humblest door-keepers in His house, or to stand as a watchman upon the

walls, may the breathing of my inmost soul be, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

8 *mo.*, 16*th*, 1848. It may not be safe for a Christian to look forward to too large a share of happiness in this world. The dear Master himself was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and is it not enough for the servant to be like Him? Still I believe that for want of being entirely bound to the cause, and fully given up to suffer for it, very many trials and afflictions arise which do not originate in the Divine Will. If the contrary was the case, these would not only be spared us, but we would be favored with so close a union and communion with the Father of lights, as even to be a foretaste of heaven. Then we should be enabled to count for joy those afflictions and persecutions which must needs attend us for the Word's sake, none of these things being able to move us from that perfect peace in which we shall be kept by Him, upon whom our minds are stayed.

The Apostles of old suffered incomparably more than anything we can look forward to, and it is testified of them, that they "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people." It seems to me that the more we are permitted to partake of the sufferings, the *more* we shall know of the consolations; and if it were our very meat and drink to do the will of our Father which is in Heaven, we should be favored more largely to partake of that bread which cometh down from Him, of which the world knoweth not.

I cannot help believing, that it is for want of this entire dedication that the waters of that river which makes glad the whole city and heritage of God, become to us as a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

"O never despair at the troubles of life;
All's right.

The Pilot beside us is steering us still;
All's right.

The Champion above us is guarding from ill;
All's right.

Let others who know neither Father nor Friend,
Go trembling and doubting in fear to the end,
For us on this motto we'll surely depend,
All's right.

9 *mo.*, 21, 1848. It is indeed humiliating when we feel that all the heart and soul should be given up to the Good Master, yet when something seems to be required, we should be so prone to rebel and think Him a hard master.

But thus it is, "the flesh warreth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh;" and in consideration of these things, my own spirit would often be overwhelmed, were it not for the consideration, that "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."

Let us therefore look unto the Lord in living faith for strength, and we shall most assuredly find cause with the Apostle to thank God, that through Jesus Christ our Lord we are delivered from this wretched state, while we acknowledge with Him, that there is indeed "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit;" "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" having made us "free from the law of sin and death."

11 *mo.*, 27, 1848. In relation to the doctrine of a state of freedom from sin being attainable in this life, to which thou makes allusion (a doctrine I confess very precious to to me, though so infinitely far from having attained such a state myself), it is indeed impossible for the unregenerate man to conceive of the glorious liberty into which the Lord introduces His redeemed children. Yet the command to be

"perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," would surely not have been given forth by Him, of whose law it is not possible one jot or tittle should fail, were it not to be obeyed.

And unless we are cleansed from the defilement of sin while here, how can we look for an admittance into those pure regions of light, into which it is emphatically declared that nothing that is impure can enter.

But those who attain to this perfect state, will not wish to be taken away from this scene of probation in their own time; for though they know of a truth that to depart and be with Christ would be far better, still they have no other wish than to finish the work which the Master has given them to do; every thought, every inclination, and every desire is merged in this, and the prayer of the undivided heart unceasingly ascends, "O my Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

11 *mo.*, 2, 1848. My feelings in relation to reading have very much changed of late. I have found I could not indulge to any extent, even in the perusal of those works which are considered by the thinking world as "books which are books."

And much of the poetry that is written cannot even be styled such. Time was when I used to rejoice over Shakespeare, and revel for hours, and even days together, in the thrilling poetry of Byron.

But what, after all, are the bulk of these productions but romances, and then rendered doubly attractive in their poetic dress. I quieted my conscience as long as I could, with the plea that I read them for the poetry, and not for the story, but that would not do. I well remember, too, how complete a disrelish they gave me for aught that was serious; and though, perchance, I did at seasons open

my Bible, under some vague apprehensions that I ought to do so, still little did I realize of the comfort and encouragement that I am now often favored to derive from it. But how could it be otherwise? When there is no hungering for the bread of Life, why should we expect to partake of that, which cometh down from God out of Heaven; where there is no thirsting for the water of Life, how can we expect to be refreshed by that "river, the streams whereof make glad" the heritage?

Now I am often wrapped in wonder at the marvellous comprehensiveness of the Sacred Records, so replete with counsel, encouragement, consolation, and warning, suited to our every state. What untiring interest even its narratives possess; one may read, for instance, the history of Joseph over and over again, not only with increasing pleasure, but receive some new emotions, gather some fresh instruction every time.

I was thinking the other evening, after our family reading, in what a condescending strain we are from time to time addressed through this instrumentality; we had then the Psalm read, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people," etc. And again, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

Our seasons of morning and evening reading are oftentimes of very great refreshment to me, and dear sister G—— remarked, shortly before she died, "Now I realize the benefit of them." So many texts of Scripture which had been impressed on her mind upon these occasions, now affording her such unspeakable comfort. But I find too, that I do not get through the day as satisfactorily when I omit a season in the morning for private reading and prayer. It is as far from being lost time as the attendance of our meetings in the week. However weak our faith, if in the little

which we have, we morning by morning thus earnestly seek the blessing, we *do* obtain it, and are strengthened by a measure of the Master's power, to wage a successful warfare against the trials and temptations of the day.

11 *mo.*, 1848. As we cannot live our lives over again, is it not the part of wisdom, forgetting the things that are behind, to reach forth to those which are before, however much we may mourn our shortcomings and deficiencies?

Sometimes in seasons of trial we may be disposed to murmur for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and remember with longing the days that are past, when we did eat the bread of this world to the full. But as we patiently and prayerfully hold our own way, our experience will be, that there are no enjoyments to be compared to those which we partake of in being fully conformed to the Divine will.

Trials will and must assail us, but these, as some one remarks, are "the engines in God's hand to lift us to Heaven," and travellers towards the city which hath foundations, must not expect the weather, the road, and the dispositions of their minds for prosecuting the journey to be always pleasant.

1 *mo.*, 5, 1849. How solemn is the thought that another year has fled, gone with all the omissions and commissions which have marked its course, to be recorded above.

I have been reverting to the events of the past, to me a deeply important one, and feelings of sincere gratitude have ascended to the Father of all our sure mercies, who has been so marvellously with me during this last year, and crowned it with His goodness.

And although I have been favored with a measure of that strength which is made perfect in weakness, to attend to some requirements of duty and walk, I trust in a measure of

faithfulness; still I feel deep sorrow, that after so many tokens of His condescending care, I should be such an unprofitable servant.

I am constrained to acknowledge, that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. May these feelings tend to humble all my haughtiness, and lay low all my loftiness, that the Lord alone may be exalted in my heart.

From one of his sisters, he had, when very young, imbibed a great horror of the sin of slavery, and as he grew older, the subject continued to claim his attention.

When at Haverford, he introduced the question in his debates and essays, and at last formed the resolution of clearing himself of any participation of the guilt, by abstaining from the produce of slave-labor.

The following covenant was found among his papers:

6 *mo.*, 8, 1847. The subject of abstinence from the products of slave labor, has very unexpectedly taken strong hold of my mind for the last two weeks, and this abstinence, I am fully persuaded, is now required of me.

Though to adopt this principle seems very much in the cross, yet remembering the emphatic and positive declaration of the apostle, that whoso "knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to *him* it is sin," I dare not withhold the offering, lest by wilful disobedience to what I know to be the requirements of the Master, the little which He has given me in mercy, in judgment should be taken away, and these liftings up of His countenance upon me, by which I have ofttimes of late been refreshed, be withdrawn forever.

But should I, at any future time, be unavoidably placed in such a position as to render this abstinence impracticable, He who hath bound I humbly believe will also loose.

And may He whom I reverently trust I may say I love and desire to serve, strengthen me to fulfil every work which He sees meet to call for at my hands. May the language of my heart increasingly be: "Draw me, O Lord, and I will run after Thee."

Writing to a friend under date of 1 mo., 21, 1848, he thus speaks of this subject:

I am much interested in thy occasional allusions to the free-labor question, and hope thou wilt not put off whatever thy own hands may find to do in this matter. I believe there may be many who are convinced of the duty of abstaining from the produce of slavery, and yet stumble at the entire insufficiency, as they conceive, of the means to accomplish the end in view, but—

"What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?

"Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to form
And beautify the flower?"

I can say in reference to this particular requirement, my own heart has often been bound in thankfulness to Him, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. It has been in a remarkable manner the means made use of, to lay many of my crowns at the Master's feet; and coming at a time when my heart and affections were full of the things of

the world, and I was earnestly seeking great things for myself, it has been the means of enforcing the injunction, to "seek them not." The many trials and difficulties into which I was soon introduced, were mercifully overruled, as I have no doubt they were designed, for my greatest good, bringing me back to the Father's house, to partake of the bread which is abundant there, and showing me "there are no joys like the joys of God's salvation."

I believe that, however little, or however much, God knoweth of outward treasure, I am to be blessed with, or as John Woolman would say, "tried with," my happiness in this life is not to consist in this, but rather in the faithful obedience to the commands of Christ.

5 *mo.*, 18, 1848. How gratifying to find the transatlantic Republic, (referring to the new Republic just formed in France) taking such noble and consistent ground upon the subject of slavery.

She, at least, cannot and will not recognize the incompatibility of her motto, "Liberté, egalité, fraternité," with the bondage of any of her subjects. May we not hope her example and influence will have weight in the councils, as well as upon the people of other nations, even our own? Some one objecting to freeing our slaves, said it would not do to let loose so many colored persons upon the community; that they could not take care of themselves, etc. A remark of Claude Gay will apply here, "We ought not to do any evil knowingly, under the apprehension good may come of it; and, on the other hand, we ought not to desist from our known duty, to prevent any evil we imagine may ensue."

If, under the brutalizing and degrading influences of slavery, they can support both themselves and their masters, surely under the elevating influence of freedom, and the consciousness of reaping the fruits of their own labor, their

hands will be able to minister to the necessities of themselves alone.

3d mo., 27th, 1848, he thus writes to his friend:

I may acknowledge that at times, of late, the great discourager has come in like a flood upon me, inducing a feeling almost akin to despair, when contemplating the thick cloud which so utterly obscures my path, in regard to entering business. Yet it has been sweet to be reminded, that if with loins girded about and lamp trimmed and burning, I can but patiently stand and wait, I may even thus be fulfilling the perfect will of my Father who is in Heaven.

"When faithless Peter asked a sign, and lo! a sign was given,
He learned that faith should ever trust, tho' clouds obscure the heaven;
For faith is like the summer flower, that opes its petals wide,
If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied."

4 *mo.*, 22, 1848. I have recently had another proposition for entering business made to me, and which, judging after the manner of men, seemed a very desirable one. I have always, in every case of this kind, felt it to be a serious matter to turn away from any good prospect without sufficient cause; yet plainly seeing that I could not enter upon this, and at the same time be faithful in other things, which I have regarded and must yet regard, as the requirings of Him who must be obeyed, I was enabled, I trust, cheerfully to relinquish it.

For if we will persist in our own willings and our own runnings, not only when no light shines upon them, but even contrary to the clear manifestations of duty, have we not reason to fear, not only that our very blessings will be cursed, but that a famine will come upon us for disobe-

dience, "not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the voice of the Lord"?

At times the query has come from the Tempter, "Who hath required this at thy hands?" which brought me into deep searching of heart, and led me to retrace with a Spirit's eye the path I had trod, with the prayer,

> "If I am right, oh teach my heart still in the right to stay;
> If I am wrong, Thy light impart, to lead the better way."

And I may thankfully acknowledge, that such clear and repeated evidences have been granted me, that all in this respect is right, as to melt me down in gratitude to so kindly condescending a Father. Nor can I any longer cherish a doubt but that whether it shall seem good in His sight, that I be a steward over little or much, I may be installed therein without the breaking of one of the least of the commandments of that law written in the heart.

A store for the sale of articles manufactured by free labor was started in New York, in the Winter of 1847. This seemed to offer something in which he could unite. Speaking of it in one of his letters, he says:

9 *mo.*, 27, 1848. Having done all I can, I have retired behind the scenes, endeavoring to keep in the quiet. I would not be looking so much toward this business, but my mind has seemed bound to it, and whenever I have tried to turn away from it, I have not been able to do so.

I am fully convinced it will some time be my allotment, and I am looking towards its being brought about in a way entirely satisfactory to myself, and give no offence to others.

So if there is an opening I shall not hesitate to embrace it,

without much counting of costs, or calculation of results, feeling assured that if faithful in this and in all other things, all that is necessary will be granted, and what is more, the approval of Him whose blessing maketh truly rich and addeth no sorrow to it.

After a few weeks of patient waiting he was allowed to step forward, and purchasing the stock of the former proprietors, he assumed the Free Produce store in Pearl Street.

There were many who were disposed to blame his lack of prudence in undertaking such a hopeless cause, and some laughed at his Quixotism; but he pursued the even tenor of his way, satisfied the step he had taken was right for the present. The future he left in His hands, of whom he speaks at this time as "a condescending Father who has thus far led me along and cared for me, and now I am constrained"

> "To praise Him for His mercies past,
> And humbly ask for more."

He, however, sometimes met with encouragement and approval which cheered him as a "brook by the way."

Among these was a letter from a friend in England, who thus writes:

11 *mo.*, 1848. I was truly gratified by the receipt of thy letter, and cordially desire thy prosperity in the important

undertaking in which thou art embarked, as it is begun in a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the oppressed, and under a sense of the need we have of the Divine blessing, to make any of our efforts prosperous.

I fervently desire thou mayst be daily engaged to look unto the Lord for direction and support, when trials and perplexities attend thee, for assuredly they are in greater or less degree the portion of us all, and may be, if rightly used, our richest inheritance.

Keep close to that gift of God, through Jesus Christ, which is able to guide and preserve thee, and, I humbly trust, will make thee a very useful and honorable member of our portion of the Universal Church, even as thy ancestors were in their day and generation.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the pictures heretofore presented, we have seen the gentle boy growing into the attractive youth. Again his steps are arrested by the still, small voice which calls to all the children of men, and the ready response comes, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Another important step was now made, and from this time he must be contemplated in the position of husband and father, shedding over his own household the full brightness of his loving spirit.

He was married on the 3d of 5th month, 1849, to Ruth S. Taber, of New Bedford.

It was not strange that he who had so earnestly sought to be led and guided in all the affairs of life, should in this momentous step desire the Lord's blessing. In a letter written soon after his engagement to her whom he had chosen as the partner of his life, he thus describes his feelings:

6 *mo*, 30, 1848. I may thankfully acknowledge, that feelings of sweet consolation, satisfaction, and encouragement, have been given me in the retrospect of the important

step we have been taking, and the evidence is strong of the approval of Him who is higher than we.

Should the spiritual path in which each of us is constrained to walk, be permitted to be in good degree the same, it will indeed be sweetly comforting to be enabled to travel hand in hand together, and I have been made to rejoice in believing this would be the case. Still, it will not do for us to linger one for the other. May we each be strengthened to move on in the meekness of wisdom, as the stepping-stones are clearly shown us; and they will be shown with greater and greater clearness, in proportion to our faithfulness. Thus following on to know the Lord, and to obey Him, we shall be enabled to animate and strengthen each other, to be helpmeets indeed, while journeying through this checkered and probationary scene. And through the mercy of Him whose we are, we shall be enabled to serve Him with acceptance here, and finally be admitted to the perfect happiness of those who become as the angels of God in Heaven.

Few were more fitted to enjoy domestic life, or more calculated to make home happy. Whatever perplexities might assail him in the duties of the day, they were never allowed to disturb the happiness of the circle around his fireside; his own wishes being laid aside, his single desire seemed to be to promote the comfort of others.

Eminently social and warmly attached to his friends, and practicing a willing hospitality, he was not unmindful of the heart of a stranger. The lonely youths, whom the business opportunities afforded by New York had drawn into that busy metropolis,

found in him a wise counsellor, and under his roof a substitute for the home-circle far away. His clear judgment and singleness of devotion to his Master's work, caused him to be frequently called upon for service in the church of which he was a member, and every act, however small, was preformed with scrupulous fidelity as to the Lord. Even the uncourted task of collecting money for charitable objects was changed in his hands to a loving service, while so pleasant was his manner that even tightly-drawn purse strings readily relaxed at his approach.

But in the absorption of his busy life, his first desire continued to be that "Jesus, and Jesus only," should reign in his heart. Knowning his own inability to serve his Lord without constant support, a little time was always taken in the morning for seeking the daily supply of strength from Heaven.

One who was associated with him in business gives the following testimony to his endeavors to be fervent in spirit while attending faithfully to the daily duties of life:

I was with him for two years; they were mostly years of poor success and great business anxieties for him; and I want to bear my testimony to his unfailing kindness and pleasantness, to his business uprightness, under every temptation, and to his never-failing attention, even in the busiest and most trying times to all duties, whether legitimately belonging to his own affairs, or laid upon him by others. It was wonderful how he attended to all the calls that were made

upon him outside of his business. I have often spoken of it since, and I trust have endeavored to follow him as the best pattern I ever saw.

The following extract was found in his pocket-book after his death, bearing traces of having been carried for a long time :

The business of many Christian men is like a "body of death" tied to their immortal natures. They are like eagles who would fain smell the air of their lofty crags, but their clipped pinions only flutter in hopeless mockery. There is a remedy, however, and a simple one. *Christ wants our business.* Let Him have it to the last dollar. And while in all its details we do it for Him, we shall cut forever the cord which has enslaved us, and shall taste the blessed peace of partnership and brotherhood with the Son of God.

In the Summer of 1851 the clouds commenced to gather, which seemed to overshadow his future life, and often the ejaculation, "Wherefore, Lord?" was met by the ready response: "It is I, be not afraid." Behind the veil was the mercy seat, and beyond the cloud the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness. In the eighth month of this year, the first-born son was suddenly snatched from the loving arms that would fain have held him to earth, and laid at rest on his Saviour's bosom.

Perplexities arose on account of his business. It became evident that there was not sufficient interest felt in the subject of Free Produce, to warrant his

continuing the store. After much thought and earnest prayer for direction, he engaged in the wool business; feeling that in this at least, there was no taint of slavery.

His letters during these years evince growth, though it will also be seen that he had not fully entered the land of promise. A marvelous contentment with God's will was wrought in him by the power of the Holy Spirit, but the rejoicing of the adopted child was not yet his abiding condition.

He often looked back on this period with regret, that while careful to fulfill all the duties of a servant in the Lord's house, he had not more fully realized the privileges of sonship reserved for him in Christ Jesus.

6 *mo.*, 25, 1852. For the last six or eight months the heavens have seemed as brass and the earth as bars of iron, and from time to time I have been ready to adopt the mournful language of the Prophet, "Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayers should not pass through." But during the past week I have been favored with ability to draw a little nearer to the Throne of Grace, which I have received as a token for good, and thankfulness has been the covering of my spirit.

I think I never felt a stronger desire, that my body, soul, and spirit might be fully dedicated to the service of the dear Master, and I have afresh seen, under I believe, a measure of His illuminating power, that the "judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether, more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." I have been ready to

covenant that if He would be with me, and preserve me from bringing reproach upon His name and cause, I would follow whithersoever He may be pleased to lead.

8 *mo.*, 1852. Ability has been given to cast all my care on the Lord, who careth for His children, for which I am truly thankful. It is my desire to keep in the quiet, not troubling myself about the future, but living one day at a time, committing my way unto the Lord, and trusting in Him.

To his wife:

8 *mo.*, 1852. The reading of Richard Shackelton's letters has been affording me much enjoyment.

I have been particularly impressed with the favor which was granted him, in seeing his children grow up, as it were, "wholly of a right seed," minding the same things as their worthy parents did, and bringing honor to the cause of Christ. And I have queried, how much was owing to his having educated them himself?

It is often remarked that we cannot confer grace upon our children; but do parents make full use of that which would be freely conferred upon themselves (as they reverently and prayerfully seek it), in training up their tender charge? If they do not, how can they satisfactorily respond to the solemn query, relative to the lambs committed to their charge?

As our little ones grow, these considerations will become serious ones to us. As it is our united concern to seek Jesus, and Jesus only, I trust we shall be enabled to train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that the blessing which maketh truly rich, and unto which no sorrow is added, will descend on them and on ourselves.

Thy account of —— is very encouraging, yet just what we should look for in confiding faith. It is a direct answer

to prayer. Surely we may be encouraged to carry all our burdens and all our troubles to the Throne of Grace, and *leave* them there. In reference to our children especially, let us continue earnestly to pray that not, at some period in the indefinite future, they may be gathered into the fold, but that His hands may be placed upon them now.

By the will of Lindley Murray, the grammarian, $3,000 was left in charities in England, and all the residue of his property, after the payment of numerous legacies, to trustees in New York, for "the liberation and education of slaves, the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America, and the purchase and distribution of religious works."

This trust has been under the care of New York Yearly Meeting under the name of the "Murray Fund," and has been the means of great usefulness, the interest being annually expended in accordance with the wishes of the donor.

In 1854, Robert Lindley Murray was appointed treasurer of that fund, which office he held until his death. The estimation in which his life-long services were held by his associates, will be seen by the following extract from their minutes:

"We feel in the removal of our dear friend, we have been deprived of a wise counsellor, and valued coadjutor in the duties of this trust.

"His intimate connection with many religious and benevolent associations, and his knowledge of their practical

workings rendered his services as a trustee very acceptable to his associates.

"The example of our dear friend, his kind and gentle spirit, combined with great energy of character, will long be held in remembrance by his associates."

A pleasant intimacy and correspondence existed in his youth with a friend of his sister Gertrude, and this friendship was now renewed and strengthened by their connection by marriage. He writes to her, 8 mo., 17, 1848:

It seems a long time since we were wont to salute each other in this way. That time has been an eventful one to us, and we have both changed. Perchance in the staid and sober mother of a family I would not immediately recognize my enthusiastic friend of old, while, for myself, I may confess the responsibilities of living, and of living a consistent life, have weighed upon me.

And thus while endeavoring to reach forth to "those things which are before," we may each have been constrained to forget things that are behind. May we not have become thus prepared to be nearer friends, more closely united in affectionate sympathy than ever before?

This was indeed the case, for both felt the call of the Lord to minister before Him in the sanctuary, and bearing one another's burthens, were fitted to comfort and strengthen each other in their service for Him.

7 *mo.*, 23, 1852. Just received thy kind note giving a fresh evidence that as we abide in the light, we have fellow-

ship and true communion one with another. I am glad thou did not withhold it, and so perchance miss of the reward attendant on handing a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

As thou suggests, I am not often tried with doubts, and have been ready to marvel at the clearness with which, whatever few stepping-stones I have placed my foot upon in the pathway of holiness, have been made manifest to me. And, dear sister, fervent are my petitions that all doubts and discouragements, if such assail thee, may be removed, and that thou mayst be strengthened to take heed to that unto which thou art called, and faithfully and fearlessly fulfil it.

And again, after she had been enabled, through Christ strengthening her, to perform the service required of her, he sends a loving salutation of thanksgiving :

9 *mo.*, 7, 1852. May I be permitted, my dearly loved sister, to rejoice with thee that thou hast been strengthened to overcome? Thou hast been the companion of my thoughts of late, and I have felt some ability to put up my feeble petitions to our Father in Heaven, that He would be very near thee, and not only enable thee to suffer, but also to do His whole will.

And now, dear sister, that thou hast been favored with such an evidence of the love and mercy of the Lord, surely thou will not be too much cast down, whatever hereafter may be permitted to come upon thee.

Like Mary of old, thou hast sat still in the house, till it was plainly showed thee that the Master called for thee. Perhaps thou may not always be permitted to gaze on the effulgence of His glory ; but after every season of temptation

and trial, as thou maintains thy hold on the shield of faith, unto thee angels will be sent to minister.

And do not be discouraged by a belief, that naturally thou art not fitted for this important service. Were this the case, thou still would not limit the Holy One, but I believe very much to the contrary, and that as all is sanctified to the Master's use, He will make of thee a vessel of honor in His house, and enable thee to serve at the altar, to thy peace and to the glory of His adorable name.

So now the injunction to Joshua comes freshly before me, "Be strong and of good courage, have not I commanded thee? Be not afraid nor dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

Her service in this probationary sphere was soon completed, while his was of longer duration; but both leaving the church militant, have now been joined to the church triumphant in heaven, where the song of praise commenced on earth, swells to a fuller chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory and honor and blessing."

In the financial crisis of 1857, his firm, like so many others, was obliged to succumb, and the shock coming suddenly upon him, produced a severe illness.

His convalescence was slow and tedious, and for months he was almost entirely confined to the house, unable to attend to business. To this trial was added the necessity of giving up his pleasant home, and the dangerous illness of two of his children.

It was the will of the Lord, whom he loved, that

he should attain to "a disciplined consolidation in Christian virtue," but in this season of trial the dependent child was not left alone. Leaning upon the Beloved, he was enabled to live in such acquiescence in the will of God, that he could say,

> "Ill that Thou blessest is most good,
> And unblest good is ill,
> And all is right, that seems most wrong,
> So it be Thy sweet will."

During all these weary months, when he felt it was so important to be up and doing, no murmur escaped his lips. Patience, indeed, had its perfect work, and the result was a ripened experience of the all-sufficiency of sustaining Grace under adversity and trial.

In the ninth month of the next year he thus writes to his wife:

I have never felt stronger desires than at present to be entirely conformed to the will of our Heavenly Father, and to lead a life of devotedness to Him. I do not realize the sensible enjoyment of the Beloved of souls, and yet I scarcely know why I do not. May I not hope that like the more outward trials, which have so abounded, this, too, is among the "all things" that work together for good, and say with H. B. S.,

> "Lord of the living and the dead,
> Our Saviour dear!
> We lay in silence at Thy feet
> This sad, sad year."

4 *mo.*, 12, 1858. We had a good meeting this morning, with an unusually full attendance notwithstanding the storm. I was brought into sympathy with those who felt called to deliver the message of the Lord, and the words of the Apostle were received, "Unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

To be intrusted with the messages to the church, seems so precious an evidence of Divine regard, that such at least might delight to do His will. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and if His anointed messengers, instead of waiting till they hear, as it were, the woe pronounced, were ready to run in the way of His commandments, the Church would be more largely edified, and they themselves, instead of going mourning on their way, as is now so often the case, would be filled with the peace which passeth understanding.

In the Spring of 1860, a stranger made her appearance among Friends in New York, whose story excited much attention. This was an Indian woman from Canada, Nah-nu-bah-wequa, "the upright woman," who was desirous of going to England, to plead the cause of her people before Queen Victoria.

The Government in Canada having taken the lands of the Indians offered them for sale, the tribes were desirous of purchasing them back, but were informed by the Indian Agent at Toronto, that it was contrary to law for an Indian to purchase, or hold property in real estate. They accordingly resolved to appeal to the Queen, and selected Nah-nu-bah-wequa as their representative. They were

unable to furnish her with the necessary funds, and as the Society of Friends has always taken the part of the Indian, they resolved to appeal to them. In response to this, a meeting was called in the meeting-house in Twentieth Street, to hear her statement.

In a letter to his wife, Robert Lindley Murray gives an account of this meeting:

3 *mo.*, 30*th*, 1860. Our Indian meeting last evening was well attended, the lecture-room being comfortably filled. The audience was informed by William Cromwell, that the result of the investigation as to the genuineness of the case had been entirely satisfactory, and then the Indian woman was introduced.

She spoke in a touching strain for nearly an hour, giving a narration of the wrongs done to her tribe, with the nature of which we are only too familiar, from the similar treatment which other tribes have received from our own people.

After she had concluded, a committee was appointed to receive subscriptions to aid her in getting to England, and to provide her with proper introductory letters to enable her to find access to the Home Government.

Hats were passed round on the spot, and about $140 collected. We shall want about $500 in all, which will be readily made up, about $300 having now been obtained. After this business had been concluded, the woman again came forward, expressing a wish to close the meeting with prayer. She knelt down, and in a melodious voice poured out a fervent petition for the Divine blessing, for herself on her lonely pilgrimage, on the people of her tribe, and on the white men their persecutors.

As for these last, broken with sobs, her prayer ascended,

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The audience was moved to tears.

I was reminded of the text, "Of him to whom much is given, much shall be required." If this poor Indian woman had so largely experienced the efficacy of that faith, which works by love and purifies the heart, "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

The Indian woman was sent on her way, and after a sojourn of nearly two years in England, appeared again before the Friends in Twentieth Street, to give an account of her visit.

She was kindly received by Friends in England. Robert and Christine Alsop, ever ready to succor the oppressed, opened their house to her, and arranged a plan for an interview with the Queen. With quiet dignity this native princess entered the presence of royalty, and was so cordially received, that she quite forgot the rules of etiquette, and instead of kissing the hand of the Queen, shook it heartily. Her story was soon told, the Queen directed investigation into the matter, and Nah-nu-bah-wequa withdrew, charmed with the kindness of her reception. Substantial tokens of regard were given to her, and her infant son born in England, received the name of Alsop Albert, in commemoration of the Friends under whose hospitable roof he first saw the light.

Robert Lindley Murray fully recognized the truth,

that "One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren," and was ever ready with sympathy and encouragement towards those who needed it.

In the early part of 1862 a colored man called at his office, bringing testimonials from Friends in Canada, that he was a member among them. Further inquiries brought out an interesting history. Originally a slave, he had finally escaped to Ohio by the underground railroad, and as the Friends in that State were active in their succor of the fugitive, he obtained shelter and employment among them. Becoming convinced of the truth of their principles, he requested and obtained membership in the Church. But the increased aggressions of the slaveholders in recalling their fugitives, made his friends apprehensive for his safety, and he was sent to Canada, where again Friends kindly received him.

As he realized more fully the blessedness of the salvation of the Lord Jesus, a burning desire filled his mind, to be permitted to go to his brethren in Africa, to tell the story of Jesus and His love. But in order to be more effective in this service, it was desirable he should have an opportunity for more education than he had thus far obtained; and as it was not safe at that time for him to enter a school in the United States, it was concluded to send him to England. With this idea he came to New York, with letters recommending him to the care of Friends in that city.

Robert Lindley Murray opened his house to him, and with the assistance of Friends, made arrangements for his passage to England. After his arrival, the following letter was received from him :

Sibford School, 9th, 24, 1862. Immediately after Yearly Meeting I came to this school, where I have been steadily pursuing my studies, and hope I am progressing satisfactorily, but I find it will be a work of time to make me a respectable scholar.

London Friends take a kind interest in my welfare, and are desirous that I should possess a fair knowledge of the English language before I leave this country for Africa.

An important service for the Lord continues to press upon my mind as awaiting me in that land, perhaps at Sierra Leone or Liberia, and it may be in both places. I trust I may be found willing to do all that may be required at my hand, when the Almighty shall see fit to call me there. I rejoice in the belief that for the present I am where my Heavenly Father has been pleased to place me.

This is a school belonging to the Society of Friends, where some agricultural labor is performed by the boys, the family is about seventy in number.

I often recur to thy kind and generous attention to me when I was in New York, and I wish again to renew my thankfulness to thee for such favor and attention. I should like my kind regards to thy family, and to any other friends who may feel interested in me.

I am very sincerely thy friend,

JOSEPH RICHARDSON.

The interest of London Friends continued in this young man, and after receiving a good common

school education, he was sent by their liberality to Sierra Leone.

But He whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, accepted the desire for service, and called the laborer home before he could perform it. He was seized with fever while the ship lay in the harbor of Sierra Leone, and died after a few days illness.

CHAPTER V.

TO any one of the refined taste and active disposition of the subject of this memoir travelling possesses a peculiar charm, and from his early youth he had delighted in the beauties of nature spread over the earth with such a lavish hand. He was one of those happily-constituted characters in whose mental crucible everything is so fused by the alchemy of their own sweetness, that annoyances vanish, and only the brightness remains. In later years when he could say with adoring gratitude, "my Father made them all," his enjoyment of these beauties was greatly enhanced, and he delighted in finding in them fresh proofs of the loving care and power of their Creator.

A little description of his feelings at Trenton Falls will show how instinctively he "looked through nature up to nature's God."

6 *mo.*, 29, 1861. It is one of the most charming spots I know. I walked up the gorge as far as it was practicable, and much beyond the point where visitors generally begin to retrace their steps.

While thus wandering with delight amid the magnificence of His created works, my heart seemed filled with the love

of our Heavenly Father; and such a sweet feeling was granted me that I was one of His children, that I was constrained to kneel upon the spot and vocally to render a tribute of praise.

In the Autumn of 1862 his attention was directed into a channel which had been an interesting one to him from boyhood.

The civil war was then raging, causing much suffering in both Northern and Southern homes. The condition of the slaves was of course rendered more intolerable, and many living near the line escaped into a free country, only to suffer great privation and hardship. Government aided them as far as possible, but in the vast results at stake, individuals of course could not receive much attention. Friends having been for many years anti-slavery in their principles, felt that this was a field for them, and an appeal was issued to their members calling for contributions to relieve the needs of the fugitives.

In a letter written 10 mo., 6th, Robert Lindley Murray thus speaks of this enterprise :

At our representative meeting, on fifth day last, the subject of the contrabands claimed attention. There was a united feeling that here was an opening for Friends, and three persons were named to prepare an address to the members generally.

At this time, when others are making such large personal and pecuniary sacrifices to promote war, it seems to be a time when Friends should be particularly careful to discharge

their whole duty in such a matter as this, so much in harmony with their previous testimony and with their views of the precepts of the gospel.

I suppose it is too much to hope for, but it would be delightful to see all the yearly meetings of Friends united in this business, and their committees acting as the dispensers of the world's charity, as was the case with the Dublin Committee at the time of the Irish famine.

His desires were more fully realized than he expected, for the address issued by the representative meeting found a willing response in the hearts of the people. Pecuniary aid flowed in, besides boxes and bales of clothing, shoes, blankets, etc., and the work commenced which has not yet ceased.

Different yearly meetings in this country found their respective fields, in which the labor was carried on by their committees, while from the brethren across the water came liberal and prompt contributions.

Physical suffering demanded attention at first, and after the Emancipation Proclamation freed the slaves a great need still existed. "Never had the colored people required help and helpers more, than when they were thrown upon their own resources and the charity of their well-wishers." The prejudice existing against them rendered northern aid necessary in securing educational privileges, and in the years which followed, while the physical need was pressing, requiring constant supplies, the paramount aim was

to promote the moral, intellectual and religious training of the colored people.

During thirteen years, the committee of New York Yearly Meeting expended $126,950.00, of which nearly $50,000 was received from Great Britain and Ireland.

Robert Lindley Murray very much enjoyed this work, and maintained a constant correspondence with the teachers at the South. These devoted laborers, in their self-sacrificing missionary efforts, found very few sympathizers. In fact, it was often difficult to find homes for them, so great was the prejudice against a "nigger teacher."

The kindly words of sympathy, added to the business letters he sent them, were often alluded to as a "brook by the way," cheering them amid many discouragements.

He made several visits to Washington and Richmond on behalf of the committee, which were full of interest.

Some incidents in one of them, when the work was only just commenced, immediately after the close of the war, are given by a member of the party accompanying him:

Richmond, 12 *mo.*, 7.—A splendid day; the air frosty and vigorous. Soon after breakfast we started for Chimborazo, upon whose summit is situated the colored camp. There are here about 110 houses and 1,000 individuals. Our first attention was directed to an old colored man, who declared he

was 115 years old, at least, "he fought in Colonel Wallace's war, and he was over thirty then." Reluctant to show ignorance of prominent events, we all remained quiet, hoping that silence would be construed into a perfect familiarity with the character of that officer. But not so, the Friend accompanying us discovered the true state of the case, and explained that Colonel Wallace was the new appellation for Lord Cornwallis.

In an adjoining room lived a young woman with her two children. She worked in Richmond for $13 a month, and with this she supported herself and children, paying an old woman a certain sum for taking care of the latter during her absence. In the corner of the room she had a quantity of wood stacked,—her supply for the next week. She had with her own hands partitioned off a portion of her apartment for a poor, disabled man, and it was well done too.

He was lying on the floor, wrapped in the few rags his neighbor could spare from her scanty wardrobe, and the cold draughts were chasing each other through the desolate apartment, which had not a solitary piece of furniture in it. Entirely unable to provide for himself, he was left to the charity of any who were willing to spare a crust from their not-overstocked larders.

Among the mass of colored people, we encountered but one asking alms, and that was an old rheumatic woman, borne down by years of oppression, and disabled from work by the constant use of the hoe.

There are 30,000 colored people seeking shelter in Richmond, and but 400 supported by charity, all of these being superannuated. There are no loungers on the corners, nor idlers in the streets; but every able-bodied man, woman, and child seemed busy, as far as our observation extended.

Thence we went to the Howard Hospital. In the first room sat a dozen old women around the fire, bent, rheumatic,

paralyzed, literally worn-out, but as happy as though life had been with them a perpetual holiday.

After some conversation, the lady with us announced to the women that this gentleman, pointing to R. L. M., was one of those who sent them shoes.

Upon this followed a chorus of—"God bless him," "God bless him;" "De Lord bless him!" "Let 's lift him up on our shoulders and tote him around the room!" Then, turning to one of their number who seemed to possess a degree more of physical stamina than themselves, they exclaimed: "You strong; you lift him up, and we 'll tote him!"

The gentleman in question, alarmed at the possibility of such a demonstration, hastened to turn the conversation.

In the next ward was an old woman, who told us that her husband and seventeen children had been sold from her, and she knew not where one of them was. "Not a child in the wide world, Missus, is left to me now in my old age." "But, perhaps, you may meet them in heaven before long." "God grant I may," was the fervent ejaculation. "But it 's all over now; they can't sell children from their parents any more." "Thank God! Thank God! He has begun a good work, and He will finish it. We can leave it with Him."

In a third ward was a circle, including many generations, quietly listening to one of their number reading the Bible. She was perhaps the oldest of the company, and with her thin fingers was slowly following the lines. This was the first person we had met who could read. "Well, aunty," said one of our group, "you look pretty feeble." "Yes, missus, paralysis all down this side." "And how did you get so?" "I spects working in de swamps." "When you were so feeble, did your master treat you kindly?" "Oh, no! he drove me as long as I could work, and then drove me away."

An old man in another room was questioned how he was. "I's got de rheumatiz mighty bad in my knees; but de praises ob de Lord in my heart." Such wonderful composure under suffering is truly marvellous.

In the early settlement of the West, the Friends who emigrated thither were incorporated in the one Yearly Meeting of Indiana. Their numbers increased rapidly, partly from emigration, and partly from the addition of those who felt a desire for a more simple mode of worship.

The parent tree thrust its roots firmly into the soil, while innumerable saplings sprang up around, until it became necessary to divide and sub-divide. Three new Yearly Meetings have been formed from its membership, and a fourth is now under contemplation.

One of these, Iowa Yearly Meeting, was established in 1863, and according to the custom of the Society, committees were sent from most of the other Yearly Meetings, to welcome this new tyro into the brotherhood.

Robert Lindley Murray was one of the committee sent from New York, and found much to interest him in the Far West.

The substantial house in which the meeting is now held, was not then built, but temporary accommodations were arranged for the sessions.

A large building used for a boarding-school formed a comfortable home for the committees from different

Yearly Meetings, while the beautiful grove near by furnished accommodations for many who came in their large wagons, prepared to "camp out" during the time of the meeting.

The sessions of the Yearly Meeting occupied the mornings, a Sabbath-school Convention was held in the afternoons, while every morning and evening the denizens of the camps and the inmates of the boarding-house gathered together for prayer.

On all these occasions our friend took an active part, and many yet remember the gentle, persuasive eloquence with which he sought to magnify Christ, as the great need of the immortal soul.

A few notes taken by one of his companions, will give a picture of this novel and interesting episode of his life.

Oskaloosa, 9 *mo.*, 9*th*. The clouds mustered in ominous blackness, and a coming storm seemed likely to interfere with any out-of-door gatherings. But a large number assembled in spite of wind and weather; the main building was filled, as well as the temporary shed accommodations. This is made of rough boards, without any floor, save that which nature provides. During a storm, umbrellas are necessary as a protection from water, which flows quite freely through the crevices.

There must have been two thousand present, and a very still attentive audience they were, save now and then a demonstration from some unhappy infant who enters its noisy protest against the restraints necessarily imposed upon it. The meeting was opened by ——, who spoke of the miracu-

lous feeding of the five thousand. As the good Father of all mercies had condescended so wonderfully to multiply the loaves, and satisfy the physical need of the multitude, he doubted not He would give His blessing upon this assembly, and feed them with spiritual food needful for their strength.

After the meeting, we strolled among the camps. It was meal-time, and the effect of the family-groups scattered through the woods enjoying their simple repasts off rude extemporized tables, was picturesque in the extreme. In the evening the view was fine, the camp-fires burning brightly in every direction, each surrounded by its neighborhood of families, while from the wagons the faint glimmer of the candle showed where a mother watched beside her sleeping infant. It is said there are one hundred families and fifty wagons encamped here.

At three we adjourned to the Conference. Charles F. Coffin presided, R. L. Murray and Joel Bean acting as Secretaries. It was a large assemblage, all seeming to take a great interest in the object for which they were convened. The first subject was the very comprehensive one, "What shall be done to improve our schools?" Many spoke, and all seemed united that there was required on the part of the teachers a more prayerful, earnest spirit, and on the part of the parent more encouragement of, and interest in, the work.

10*th*. This was the first meeting for business, and it was interesting to observe the perfect quiet and order that prevailed; nothing seemed to jar, but everything was conducted with as much system as if it had been a long-established organization.

The appointment of the book and tract committee elicited some very interesting remarks. It is astonishing how alive they are to this subject out here. A young man came to R.

L. yesterday, and handed him some money with the request that he would purchase with it, books for a library with which he was connected. R. L. consented, and said he would enclose some tracts in the package if he thought he would dispose of them. The young man readily assented, and informed him that he had recently spent three months in travelling around the country for the purpose of distributing tracts.

13*th*. The Sabbath morning dawned cool and clear, a smiling sunshiny day. It seemed as if a propitious heaven had thus sanctioned the object which had this day its inauguration, the first great public gathering of the Society of Friends, nearly fifteen hundred miles distant from the shore which received its first members, fugitives for conscience sake.

Long before the hour of assembling, carriages with their heavy weight of interested participants commenced to arrive, pouring in from all directions, from the rude wagon of the back-woodsman, to the more "recherché" establishment of the townsman.

At ten o'clock the main house with its shed extension was densely packed, and upon the green grass, with nothing but the blue heavens above them, was assembled a multitude, bowed in spirit before the great Creator, and silently waiting for the inshining of His grace.

The stillness was broken; one after another arose, influenced by the deep solemnity of the occasion, and in language of inspired eloquence addressed the gathered assembly, calling upon all to turn, repent and live. The torn condition of our land was deprecated, and the glory of that day exalted, when the united anthem shall ascend, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

Surrounding the assembly was an amphitheatre of wag-

ons, each containing its complement of spectators, some of them rude-looking, but all preserving a solemn decorum of manner.

Besides those drawn here by the interests of the occasion, there was a large class attracted by curiosity, and the novelty of the scene; these wandered about in groups, talking, but quietly and evidently respecting the occasion. At seven in the evening all had again retired to their homes, the animated picture had dissolved, and a peaceful quiet succeeded the active stir of life.

In 1865, desirous of giving his children better advantages for physical development than is afforded in a crowded city, Robert Lindley Murray purchased a country home in Chappaqua, about thirty miles from New York, where the summers were afterwards spent.

He greatly enjoyed his home there; its interests were a relaxation from the cares of business, and the beauty and richness of the surrounding country were a constant and varying pleasure.

But remembering "this is not your rest," he did not settle down in the enjoyment even of this cherished spot. He soon found opportunities in the neighborhood for service for his Lord, and here, as in every other position in which he was placed, he sought to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. The village of Chappaqua, about a mile from his house, possessed all the accompaniments of a country village, except a church.

His own requirements for social worship were fully

met by a Friends' meeting-house about three miles distant, but this did not satisfy him.

A large and flourishing Sabbath-school was held in a carpenter's shop, kindly loaned for the purpose, and this increased until some of the classes met under some large trees near the door. The children were gathered in, but the majority of the adult population were without the opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached.

With his prompt and persevering industry, he attempted to remedy this evil. He interested the religious community in the neighborhood around, and the result of the combined effort was the erection of a neat edifice for a Union Church, which it was his delight in after life to see filled with attentive listeners, and in which he gave his last testimony to the all-sufficiency of his Saviour's love.

In the year 1863, Friends in Canada, who, until now, had been a component part of New York Yearly Meeting, requested the privilege of establishing a Yearly Meeting of their own. The distance from New York City was so great, that but few of their number could attend the meeting annually held there.

After some preliminary deliberations, the request was granted by the parent meeting; but feeling a deep interest in the young neophyte, she sent a deputation of Friends to assist in the establishment of Canada Yearly Meeting.

Robert Lindley Murray was one of the number, and with his wife, and a party of young people from New York, made a pleasant excursion to Pickering, Canada West, in 6th mo., 1867.

They were hospitably entertained at the house of a Presbyterian gentleman, and in the communion with the members of their own religious body, the week passed rapidly away.

R. L. M. interested himself very much in the cause of Sabbath-schools, encouraging the teachers present, by his sympathy and practical hints on the best methods of imparting instruction.

He also ascertained the number of schools destitute of libraries, which want he was enabled to supply on his return home, through the assistance of the "Murray Fund."

One little incident was a source of much comfort to him, and presents a fresh evidence of the truth of the promise, that the word of the Lord, given through the mouth of His servants, shall not return to Him void.

In going to the post-office for their letters, the attention of his party was directed to the village tavern, surrounded by drunken loungers. It seemed as if this was a place where the light of the Gospel ought to shine.

Speaking of his feelings on his return to his lodgings, he found two ministers, Elizabeth L. Comstock and

Mary Rodgers, ready to unite with him in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to this dark place. A visit was accordingly paid to the landlord, to ask his permission to hold a meeting in his house.

This was granted, though not very willingly. A large room used as a dancing-hall, was fitted up with seats, and a meeting appointed for the next evening, to which the landlord promised to invite all whom he met. Punctually at the hour the Friends arrived, but found no one.

The landlord had locked up the bar-room, determined that no liquor should be sold during the time of the meeting, and with his family, were ready to attend, but no one else had come in. The earnest laborers, not dismayed by the lack of response to their invitation, placed the young girls of the party near the open window, where they commenced singing some sweet hymns. The others went down into the street to beat up recruits, and before very long, a company of fifty men, women and children were gathered together, attracted by the music and the novelty of the scene.

The faithful ministers told "the old old, story" with such gentle, persuasive power, that many were moved, and at the close of the exercises, such a desire was manifested for another meeting, that they agreed to come again the next day.

No artifices were necessary to call the meeting on

the next evening, but a large company was ready waiting, when the hour arrived.

Again the marvellous love of God, in sending His only begotten Son to die for sinners, was dwelt upon, and the message found entrance into some hearts. One of the Friends, in her prayer remembered the landlord, and asked for a special blessing upon him for his kindness in opening his house for this purpose.

The servants of the Lord left the house, and soon afterwards the place, but the message given them to deliver, remained behind. It was not long before the landlord gave up his establishment, feeling that he could no longer put anything in the way of his fellow-creatures to cause them to sin, and both himself and wife became Christians.

Thus the little seed fell in a cleft in the rock, and watered by the Holy Spirit, sprang up and bore fruit to the glory of God.

As Andrew called his brother Peter, whose more prominent service for the Master soon overshadowed his own, so our friend in this instance was the instrument to call in the assistance of older laborers. His part of the service was more obscure; but done as to the Lord, we must believe it was accepted of Him.

CHAPTER VI.

HE whose way is entirely committed to the Lord, finds "His goings forth prepared as the morning," and simple obedience to the teachings of the Holy Spirit, leads into acceptable and fruitful service. Until now, Robert Lindley Murray had been laboring among older minds, but the command sounded, "Cast the net on the other side of the ship," and in seeking to gather the children, he himself was greatly blessed.

During their residence in Flushing, his wife had been accustomed to call in the few Friends' children of the village, and hold simple exercises on Sabbath afternoons. He was always present as an interested spectator, though protesting he was not qualified for active co-operation. And naturally he was not adapted to interest children. Fond of his own, and ready to amuse or interest them, his sympathies were with older minds, and he chose from preference those of cultivated tastes and ripened intellect.

But when convinced it was his duty, he was always ready to do what he could. His wife being suddenly called from home, he thus wrote to her:

3 *mo.*, 30, 1856. Perhaps thou wilt smile when I tell

thee, I felt most easy not to allow the First-day School to be postponed, on account of thy absence; so, as C—— promised to come and help, I told the children we would have school as usual.

The hour seemed to pass very quickly away, and I hope not altogether unprofitably. I had intended to read the history of Joseph after the lessons were over, but the time was filled up without it, and I really did not think of it.

This has been the happiest day that I have known for some time past, a little of the best company having been mercifully granted. May I be so preserved through the week, in a watchful and prayerful frame of mind, that its savor be not lost.

When they returned to reside in New York, the position of Superintendent of the Friends' First-day School being vacant, he was requested to assume the place. With his characteristic humility, he would have preferred others; but seeking counsel of the Lord, he was convinced it was his duty to engage in the work, and hesitated no longer.

His feelings in regard to this work will be best shown by his own advice to teachers, given some time afterwards:

It seems to me that many teachers think far too lightly of their office, take too little time for preparation, while some appear to give no thought to the duties, till the time arrives to enter upon them.

No teacher can hope to present to the mind of a child the great truths of the Bible, in such a manner as to interest the feelings, without time for preparation. The les-

son should be firmly impressed on the teacher, if he would hope to convey it to others. It is a good plan to make memoranda through the week of suitable illustrations, references, and anecdotes, which would not be likely to recur to us at the time. But do not be in bondage to your notes while teaching. Some references you may need, but when you are with your class, you want your eyes and your thoughts for your scholars.

Though we may feel we have but one talent, let us remember, that we are accountable as surely as he is to whom ten have been intrusted.

As superintendent of a school, I may say that the most frequent reply made to me, by those whom I have invited to become teachers. has been, 'I have no gift.'

Let us remember it is not the greatness of the work, but the faithfulness with which we use the talents entrusted, which will meet the Divine approval.

If in simplicity, and without thinking of ourselves, we do the best we can, not failing to look in earnest prayer to Him, who has promised to supply all our need, and who doeth for His children according to their faith in Him, the work He has for each of us to do, will surely be accomplished.

Another very important requisite in a teacher is punctuality. It has been humiliating to me to draw this comparison in my own mind. I am a director of an insurance company, where it is the custom to pay the directors who are present at the hour of meeting. It is very rare that any one enters after the hour. How nimble-footed we are when a small pecuniary advantage would be jeopardized by delay. But what heavy steps we drag after us, when nothing but our Master's service, or the salvation of a soul, invites us to effort. I believe a right apprehension of duty would constrain us to be punctually at our places, whatever else we might be obliged to forego.

A careful record should be kept of the scholars by the teachers and superintendents, and a systematic and faithful visitation maintained.

By this means, teachers will have the opportunity of learning the condition of their scholars at home, and the influences surrounding them. Thus they will be better informed as to the mode of treatment required by each one. The co-operation of the parents may also be secured, and by occasionally ministering to their necessities, or advising or sympathizing with them, a strong hold may be obtained on them and their children.

Doubtless the patience of teachers will often be severely tried. But the habit of scolding, or the manifestation of impatience, will thwart the work. Children are keen observers, they look for consistency. Be careful to maintain proper order, but not at the expense of a hasty word.

Gentleness of manner, kind and persuasive looks, cannot be persevered in without beneficial results, and the spirit of love and subordination will pervade the school.

A kind reproof, fitly spoken, will oftener cure an unruly member than severe censure.

Said the Teacher, who came from God, "Without me ye can do nothing," and however faithfully and zealously we may plant and water, let us ever bear in mind that God only can give the increase. Our teaching cannot reach the heart unless accompanied by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. And shall we not be very earnest in prayer for the blessing which God is so ready to give to His believing children?

The Lord Jesus said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." But we sometimes forget that we are not each of us a distinct and separate vine. We lose the idea of our union with the Master, and try unaided and alone, to bring forth fruit to His glory. Is it strange we utterly fail in the attempt?

The one object in teaching is to bring souls to Christ. Every lesson should be as a round in the ladder to conduct these young immortals to the celestial glory. Do not forget in teaching, to draw all your lessons from the cross, and around all let there be this inscription, "Behold the Lamb of God."

Among the young teachers, was one in whom he felt a great interest, desiring she might know the Lord Jesus to be her full and perfect Saviour.

Many were their conversations, and earnest were his prayers, both with and for her; and when she found peace at the foot of the Cross, no one rejoiced more fully in her joy.

She thus expresses her gratitude to him:

My dear friend:—For such thou truly art, and I shall ever consider thee one of my nearest and dearest friends.

I have feared in thinking of it, that thou might think I was too certain of my happiness, and that it might not prove lasting. Oh, I hope my Saviour will condescend so much, as to continue to bestow upon me that blessing which He has already allowed me to taste of.

I know I shall be subject to a great many temptations, from which no one can keep me but Him who is ever-powerful and ever-present.

Please do not forget me, dear friend, in thy prayers, and do ask, that I may be kept from temptation. If my prayers for thee will in the least repay thee for the trouble I have given thee, they will be given, oh, so willingly, and may they be answered, even though coming from me, so unworthy.

Thy loving young friend, E.

The blessing was not, as she feared, ephemeral; but for the remaining years of her life, the seed bore precious fruit. The centre of a large circle, loving and beloved, she used her influence for the promotion of the right; and as she grew in the knowledge of Christ, the Christian graces were beautifully brought out in her character.

Loving Him who died for her, she sought to labor in His vineyard, and as long as her health permitted, she taught a large infant class in Friends' Mission School in New York, and was actively engaged in promoting that work by every means in her power.

But consumption marked her for its victim, and her friend sorrowfully watched her gradual decay, little thinking he would be first in the Heavenly Home. She was nearing the close of life when the accident which caused his death occurred, and was so distressed by the intelligence, that the fatal result was never communicated to her.

A fortnight more, and teacher and scholar were both in the presence of the Lord whom they loved, and united in the endless strain of thanksgiving ascending to the Lord God Almighty.

He realized most fully that it is not by might nor by power, but by the energizing operation of the Holy Ghost, that any service can be performed, and he earnestly sought to be filled with the Spirit.

He also remembered that no unnecessary miracles will be wrought, but that the servant of the Lord is to use all the means in his power to increase his usefulness. Many hours each week were spent in the preparation of the Bible-lesson. Scripture was compared with Scripture, and all the accompanying circumstances brought out that might elucidate the subject. He was often laughingly accused of being nothing but a first-day school superintendent, but his feeling was that "the Power who commanded the service required that it should be well done."

His constant end and aim was to show Jesus in every lesson. He delighted to consider the Bible, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, as a history of God's love in Jesus Christ. And, watching over the young souls before him as those for whom he must give account, he sought to lead them to a sense of their need as sinners, and to God's all-sufficient remedy.

His genial manners and kindly greeting attracted both teachers and scholars, while his simple teaching, the result of patient, laborious study, made the subject clear to the youngest person. Many can testify to his wonderful earnestness, as he told, in touching language, the marvelous story of the cross, dwelling upon the fulness of the love of Christ, which meets and encircles every child, and which bore such rich fruit in his own heart and life.

The following note, addressed to him by a class whom he had taken during the absence of their regular teacher, will show his power of winning the love of his school:

New York, 5 *mo.*, 23, 1854.—We, the undersigned, gratefully acknowledge thy very kind care and interest in us during the past winter. We wish to express our thankfulness to thee for thy attention to our class, and for the pains thou hast taken in various ways to interest and instruct us.

The principles we have been taught, we trust, will never be forgotten, but will be treasured up and thought of many times in after years.

And, in conclusion, we would say that our feeble petition shall not cease to be offered up to God for a blessing upon the school and the right guidance and support of its much-loved superintendent.

Most sincerely thy friends and scholars,

* * * * * * *.

With a desire of increasing his influence over the children, he assiduously cultivated a faculty of amusing them, and at the picnics and festivals joined in their games with such zest, that "Mr. Murray" was always in demand.

Sometimes the parties were at his own house, which was thrown open from basement to attic, and filled with merry children. And before the evening was over, by a few fitly-spoken words, he would turn the attention to Him who was ever ready to go

wherever His presence was sought, and who not only comforts in sorrow, but adds a zest to joy.

He writes, 8 mo., 14, 1860:

I can thankfully acknowledge that I have never been favored with nearer access to the throne of grace than of late, and earnest prayers have, I trust, arisen, that I might know a full reconciliation with God through a Saviour's blood.

The coming winter will, I believe, bring work with it. Not only our first-day school, but a Bible-class for young men, is very much on my mind.

I am oppressed with a feeling of my peculiar incapacity for labor in such fields as these, and perhaps the willingness of the heart may be accepted, and more able laborers be called into the service. Yet I have craved that whatever little talent I have, of whatever kind, may to the fullest extent be developed and sanctified to the Redeemer's cause, under the influence of the Holy Spirit. The exhortation of the Apostle is much with me—"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

The motive power of his service is shown in a little incident he made use of to illustrate to the school the words of our Lord, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business."

Don't think you are too young to serve the Lord. Does not God, by the little coral insects, build islands in the ocean, form oaks of acorns, and water the world with drops of rain?

Boys and girls are not thought too young to be about Satan's business, or the business of life. They carry news-

papers, serve in our shops, and set type for printers. It would astonish you to know how largely little hands and little heads add to the wealth of the greatest nations.

And is our Father's business the only one in which they have no part? Was not a Hebrew maid sent to comfort Naaman the Syrian? Was not His instrument to warn Eli, the child Samuel? A youth, with a ruddy countenance, the means of slaying the defiant Goliah? And who brought the loaves and fishes for feeding the 5,000 but a little boy?

To be about your Father's business must be your first consideration. It will not require such sacrifices as it did of the Lord Jesus; but whatever it does demand of us,—sacrifices of feeling, or of friendship, or of self-gratification,—our determination to do this business should take us away from all that would hinder us.

I know of a man who was asked, when a boy, by his mother, because she thought he had too much spare time, to make her an arm-chair. He hardly knew how to use a tool; but, from the love he bore his mother, he set to work. For months he toiled, first at the lathe, and then with a knife, till he succeeded in making the chair.

Now, that was mother-love, the thought of gratifying her, of receiving her approving smile, which taught his unskilled hands their cunning and made the drudgery so light. Should we not adapt this secret to our Father's business, and do cheerfully what we could not otherwise do, for Christ's sake? The mother could not teach her boy to perform the service required, but the Holy Spirit is ready to teach every one of us how to perform our Father's business.

If you love Him, then what is there you will not do for Him?

His thorough identification with the Bible School

work, and his readiness to meet any demands upon him, encouraged many young teachers to apply to him for advice and assistance. This was cheerfully and judiciously rendered, and in his replies he asked for ability from the Lord to give counsel suitable for the occasion.

A young teacher who was carrying on a First-day School, almost single-handed, wrote to him asking for some simple commentary on the Gospels. He sent Longking's Notes, with the following letter:

New York, 12 *mo.*, 12, 1867. . . . . I have just procured the Notes on the Gospels, which I send by express, and hope they will reach thee in time for First-day. They will give thee in brief form much valuable information, when geography, and the manners and customs of the East throw light upon the text; but allow me to suggest to thee, not to depend too much on the Notes, but examine carefully all the parallel passages and references, and thou wilt find in this way the Bible itself is its own best commentary.

On the subject of water baptism, and kindred points, on which we, as Friends, differ from nearly all other religious denominations, thou wilt not, of course, expect to find our views in the Notes. I have, therefore, put into the package, a copy of the "Old Banner Essay," on the subject, which is brief and to the point.

I think if thou wilt read it carefully, keeping in mind that the dispensation our Saviour introduced He emphatically declared to be spiritual in its nature, as distinguished from the types and shadows of the preceding one, all which were fulfilled in Him; thou wilt find thyself thoroughly furnished to meet the present and any future inquiry upon the subject.

I shall often think of thee, my dear friend, and have prayed for thee, that thou may be an instrument in His hands, whom I know thou increasingly desires to love and serve, in spreading among those within the sphere of thy usefulness, a clearer knowledge of the Gospel of our dear Lord and Saviour, divested of all forms and formality whether of our own or of others.

I shall be delighted to hear from thee at any time, and render thee any assistance in my power.

His black-board sermons were very simple, yet effective. The important thought in the lesson was written upon the board before the school commenced, that all present could bear it in mind. Then, in his remarks at the close, a few illustrations rapidly sketched, made the teaching more impressive.

At a conference in New Bedford, Mass., he was called upon to give some specimens of black-board teaching, and the following synopsis of his remarks is taken from the Report of the Conference:

His first illustration was drawn from the history of the Exodus.

Drawing a sketch of the geographical outline of the country through which the children of Israel journeyed before they reached Mount Sinai, and marking upon it the principal stages of their route, he then converted the whole audience temporarily into a Bible class, questioning them as to the different events and localities. Having in this manner fixed these clearly in their minds, he drew an instructive parallel between this eventful march, and the experience of the Christian in the journey of life, his deliverance from the bondage of sin, and his dependence upon the Lord.

And, dear fellow teachers, he continued, are there any of you who, having given yourselves to God, and accepted His free salvation, have for a while rejoiced in the assurance of His pardoning love; but afterwards, have you been so beset by the temptations of the flesh and of the devil, as to be ready to conclude you are not the children of the Lord? Ah! how was it with these children of Israel? Was it not *after* their deliverance from Egypt that Amalek fought against them? And here they were not to *stand still*, but to contend, while Moses interceded for them. So, while it is only the Christian who can know, as at Mara, of bitter things being made sweet; only the Christian who is led, as at Elim, into the green pastures and beside the still waters; only the Christian who can feed upon Him who declares, "I am the bread that cometh down from God out of Heaven;" only the Christian who can drink of the living water which He gives; yet is his life a continual warfare, which will never cease till his feet press the border of Jordan. But, thanks be to God, the arms of *our* Intercessor *never* hang down nor become weary, and, as our eyes continue fixed on Him, our victory is sure.

Another illustration. Suppose we wished to make plain the relative position of faith and works in the Christian's experience. Will you tell me what is the foundation of all true Christian character? Answer, Faith. Faith in what? Answer, Christ. Yes, the Lord Jesus Christ is the foundation. Will you give me a text proving this? Several were quoted, and in a few moments the one desired was drawn from the audience. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. iii. 11. (The foundation of a building was then drawn on the black-board).

Now, we all know it is important for a building to have a good foundation; but, does not the fact of a foundation imply that there must be a superstructure? Will you give

me some texts showing that this must be the case with him, who is on Christ the foundation? The following were among the answers given: "Rooted and *built up* in Him." "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith." "But grow in grace." "Show me thy faith *without* thy works, and I will show thee my faith *by* my works." "If we live in the spirit, let us also *walk* in the spirit." "Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us *go on* unto perfection," etc., etc. Very good; we must then "go on." There must be a *building* upon the foundation.

But what does the Apostle tell us to take heed about. Answer, "But let every man take heed *how* he buildeth thereupon." Yes,—some have built upon the good foundation, a superstructure of erroneous practice, in consequence of which their Christian character has been dwarfed. Instead of glorifying God in their lives, they have been stumbling-blocks in the way of others; and when death overtakes them, instead of knowing an entrance being ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are saved, we have a right to believe, because on the Foundation, but saved "so as by fire."

Therefore, we must take heed *how* we build. May we then say to ourselves,—"Well! I am on the Foundation, and if the graces of the Spirit are to be brought forth in me, the Spirit must do the work, I cannot;" and so go to our farms and our merchandise, and think no more about it? Ah! what does Paul say about giving *diligence?* Answer, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Yes, give diligence; and if we are not doing this, we may well fear that we are not upon the Foundation at all.

Let us then proceed to build.

The Apostle Peter has some practical directions for us. He says, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith," what? Answer, Virtue. And to virtue? Answer, Knowledge.

As one by one these additions were given, as recorded in 2 Peter i. 5-7, they were placed, like stories to the building, on the black-board, with the initial letter in each.

A teacher would here have a good opportunity to illustrate the nature and importance of the virtues. For instance, Temperance,—not only to be temperate in drinking, but in eating, in language, in behavior; for the disciple of the Lord Jesus is to be "temperate in *all* things." Or, taking the word in its ordinary occupation, how often we see those addicted to the vice of intemperance, signing the "pledge," fully realizing that their health, their pocket, their social position, their hopes for time and for eternity, depend upon keeping it, and yet they fail to do so. Why? Because they are not on the Foundation. They are resolving in their own strength instead of "looking unto Jesus," humbly relying on Him for help.

Again, charity or love, the top stone, if this be wanting, the Foundation must be wanting too. For what does the Apostle James say? "He that saith, I love God, and hate his brother, is a liar." The lesson was then reviewed, the whole audience repeating in concert, first the foundation text, "other foundation," etc., then "giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

The next illustration showed how the memory of texts could be aided and strengthened by the use of the black-board. Writing down on the board the word careth, as the leading word of the text. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you," and under it the leading words of eight other texts of a similar purport, the class was desired to recall, and repeat each text entire from the word so written. Then, all but the first letter of each word was erased,

and the texts again called for, and readily repeated by many of the audience in concert.

The texts selected for this lesson were such as represented the Lord Jesus Christ in the endearing relation of a comforter, and the initial letters remaining on the board were found to spell that name.

But the simplest use of the black-board, he continued, and often the most effective, is to place upon it, before the eyes of the whole school, a text containing the central thought of the lesson. Suppose, for instance, the lesson for the school to be Mark xii. 41-44, "And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." The superintendent will place upon the board the words, "and Jesus beheld," as I now do. Under the faithful teaching in the classes, the children will have grasped the spirit of the lesson, and when again assembled before the desk in response to the question, "What do we learn from the lesson of to-day?" a dozen or more voices will be pretty sure to respond, "That God sees and knows everything; that he is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The words written on the board will be a constant reminder of this, and cannot fail of impressing the lesson upon the minds of the children.

But, dear fellow teachers, can *you* draw a lesson from the words upon the board? Is there any one of you who, last week, with difficulty secured a few hours for the study of your First-day School lesson, taking them from your daily labor, your recreation, or your sleep? "Jesus beheld!" When First-day morning came, resisting the temptation to self-indulgence, did you rise early, that your needful home duties might be all performed, and you be able to meet your class betimes? "Jesus beheld!" When there, though greatly tried by the restlessness, or inattention, or perversity of some of your scholars, did you still labor on perseveringly, prayer-

fully, in a measure of the meekness and gentleness of Christ? Ah! "Jesus beheld!" and did not withhold His blessing.

A few practical remarks on the necessity and right conduct of teachers' meetings may be helpful.

During the latter part of the life of that great statesman, Daniel Webster, a gentleman put to him the question, "Mr. Webster, what is the greatest thought that ever occupied your mind?" and you may imagine the expression of his face and the tone of his voice as he replied, "The greatest thought that ever occupied my mind was my individual accountability to God." Now, dear friends, if we all realized this *individual accountability*, I believe, in the first place, when a Friend is asked to take charge of a class in a First-day School, there would not be so many to say, "Oh, I dare not take the responsibility; it is too great for me"—as if to evade the discharge of duty relieves us from accountability. Instead of that, why should we not, with all our weakness and unworthiness, endeavor to do the best we can, looking to the Lord for help? And so too with our teachers. If we realize this accountability, I believe we shall feel it to be our bounden duty to avail ourselves of every means which our Heavenly Father places within our reach, to enable us efficiently to do our whole work for Him. And among these means, I have no hesitation in ranking as the foremost the Teachers' Meeting. I believe that those who have had the opportunity of observation, will unquestionably say that wherever you see a live, earnest teachers' meeting, there you will almost inevitably find an earnest, live, and successful school. And as a usual thing, wherever you see a teacher determined at all times to attend a teachers' meeting, there you will find an earnest and devoted worker. "Oh," some will say, "these meetings are not interesting," and "I can study my lessons at home better," and "I cannot afford the time." But, dear friends, have we no duties beside those to

our class? Have we no duty to the superintendent?—none to our fellow-teachers?—none to the school at large? It appears to me that if each teacher, however earnest and zealous, was confined, as he or she would be in such a state of affairs, to a mere attendance in his or her particular class, a school would be very much like what we might picture these United States to be in case the Rebellion had been successful, each State by itself, and no unity whatever.

We are to be helpers one of another, and the free interchange of thought and difficulties may be very helpful. And here I can tell a fact which occurred a short time ago in a teachers' meeting not far from where I reside. A young woman who had a class of thirteen was asked what she was going to do, to have better order in her class. "Oh," she said, "I have tried almost everything, and do not yet see any improvement; but now I have laid it before my Heavenly Father in prayer, and I want you, my fellow-teachers, to unite with me in asking the Lord to help me to control the minds of those children so that they will be more tractable, and I may be a blessing to them." The next week the teacher was able to report, she thought there was quite a decided improvement in the conduct of her boys, and four weeks after that she reported that six of those unruly boys were really converted to God. Thus perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes could be passed in conversation about the efforts and experience of the teachers, to the edification of each other.

We assume that a general lesson for the whole school is adopted as a matter of course; for I suppose there is no school that ever has tried it which would use any other plan. The teachers would have prepared their lessons thoroughly at home, of course, and after giving it due care and attention there, had come to examine it together. Now as to the manner of proceeding, it might be conducted as a lecture;

(though in such a case it would in ninety-nine times out of a hundred fail of its object,) or it might be conducted as a Bible class. Here again the superintendent might ask of a teacher, "James Smith, what dost thou consider the definite aim of that particular lesson?" James Smith would state his views, and after him the rest of the teachers. We thus get all their views with reference to that point. And here you will see that the advantage over a Bible class is, that by this means the thoughts of all are elicited for the benefit of all. By asking each other how this or that lesson should be taught, a great deal of practical information would be acquired, with a view of conveying the lesson more fully to the children. Then too we all know how very powerful and important illustration proves to be; every teacher going before his class wants to be supplied with means of illustrating the lesson. If A. has an illustration which meets the case, he does not lose anything by contributing his knowledge to the other teachers; he can use it just as beneficially for his class if all the other teachers have it for theirs. If each teacher contributes in this way, each will have a fund to draw upon, and will adapt his particular lesson to the needs of his scholars. Thus all may be able to help one another; and you all know that while one stick of wood will not make much of a fire, ten or twenty gathered together will make a lively blaze. But the teachers' meeting I am afraid would fall very far short did it stop here. And would it stop here, my friends, in a company of earnest Christian workers? I believe the last fifteen or twenty minutes of the hour would be best employed in drawing near to God, asking His blessing upon our work and upon the lesson we are about to teach. And these opportunities after all will prove to be blessed seasons of communion with Him, and one with another.

Again, in speaking on another occasion of the necessity of definiteness of purpose, he says:

Suppose a sportsman should go out into the woods to shoot, however excellent may be his gun, his ammunition, and all his appurtenances, if he fires into a bush, he is not going to bring down the game. And even if he takes accurate aim, but aims at a knot in a tree, he certainly will not bring it down. Now, what is our aim? If I should ask, almost any teacher here would say, in a general way, "Why, the aim of Sabbath-school instruction is the conversion of our scholars." But is that the aim to which we are bending all our efforts? Are we expecting that result, and nothing short of it? If we do not aim at that, we need not expect to accomplish it. I have seen Bible classes that would have a quite interesting, intelligent, intellectual investigation of Scripture, and the company will go home feeling that they have had a good time; but, after all, what have they done? There has been a lack of personal application to themselves—to the hearts and lives of the individuals—of the spirit of the lesson, and consequently it fails of its effect. And so of our First-day Schools. The class, or the entire school, may be interested, but if it is not the aim of the teachers to bring the scholars to the Lord Jesus Christ, it fails of its object as a First-day School. Now, what are we going to do? You remember that there was a time in the life of the Apostle Paul, when, bound in chains and under an escort of soldiers, he was being taken prisoner to Rome. On the voyage the vessel was about to be wrecked. After long fasting and prayer, Paul said to the people, "Be of good cheer, for there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve. He said, 'Be of good cheer, Paul, thy God hath given thee the lives of all them that sail with thee.'" Here is a lesson for First-day School teachers. Let us first be able to say with the Apostle, from the very depths of our sanctified heart, "Whose I am, and Whom I serve;" and then, like

him, go to the Lord in earnest believing prayer, and we shall receive assurance that He hath given us the lives of all who sail with us.

He fully realized the extent of the commission given by our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He was convinced that the reflex influence of all mission enterprise would strengthen the Church, and labored by example and precept to interest his fellow-members in such efforts. We will quote from some of his remarks to a company of Friends on the question, "What is the duty and privilege of the Church in regard to the Mission School?"

A Christian pastor once said to me, that when members were added to his church, he put to them this question, "Brother (or sister), with what department of Christian work do you propose to identify yourself?" That a Christian should not be engaged actively in some department of Christian work, seemed to that beloved brother an impossibility. And exercise is necessary to life. If my right arm were healthy and strong, and I should hang it up in a sling for three months, it would become withered and diseased.

And so it is in spiritual things. I could point out many among my own acquaintances, who have been converted through the influence of their labors as teachers in our First-day Schools. I, myself, and many others, can trace our choicest blessings to our connection with mission-work.

On the other hand, I could point you to many who have left our church years and years ago, who have said to me: "Oh! if the Society of Friends, years ago, when I was a member, had presented these opportunities for Christian

work and Christian activity, which they now present, I never would have left them." If there are any here who have not heard the words of the Saviour: "Go ye also into the vineyard and labor;" who are satisfying yourselves with giving all your strength, time, and energy to the pursuit of the things of this life—God may give you the desires of your hearts; but, oh, terrible alternative, leanness will surely descend into your own souls. These opportunities are not only a privilege, but they are a Christian duty.

A missionary to India said to me two or three years ago, that he was standing one evening upon the banks of the Ganges, and he saw an intelligent-looking native who had two little boats, upon which he had put lights, and had started them floating upon the river. The missionary asked him what the boats were for. "Oh!" said he, "my father died two years ago, and I want him to have a little light in that dark land where he has gone; and my wife died last year, and I want her to have a little light in that dark land where she has gone." And at his foot was another little boat, with a light on it, all ready to be lit. The missionary asked him what that was for. "Oh!" said he, "I may die this year, and I want a little light in that dark land where I am going."

O, dear friends, how thankful it made me feel, that life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel!

The types of the Old Testament were beautifully alluded to last night, but I thought of some to which no allusion was made. You remember what the furniture of the court of the Tabernacle was. There was the table of shew-bread, which set forth Jesus as the bread of life. The compound article, made of the fine flour and water, was necessary to show the twofold character, the Divine and the human, in our blessed Lord. It was for the nourishment of the priests, who would otherwise have been unable to perform the service of the Lord. Then there was the curtain between the two divisions

of the Tabernacle, and Christ set forth in the color of it which was blue, and purple, and scarlet, fine-twined linen with a thread of interwoven gold. The blue represented the Heavenly Man, the crimson, the suffering Man, and the purple, the royal Man. The fine-twined linen, pure and white, set forth the purity and acceptableness of His human character as He walked on earth; and the fine gold, woven throughout, showed the intimate blending of the Divine and the human. Then there was the golden altar, upon which the incense was daily offered up, representing the intercession of our dear Lord. Then all the furniture and the material of which the Tabernacle was composed set forth the Lord in all His varied offices. In this room no natural light was admitted, for there were four thicknesses of covering. There was no light but that which streamed down from the seven-branched candlestick; so infinitely precious is the Lord Jesus to our souls! What would we know of all this if it were not for the full and perfect Revelation which God has given us through the pages of His blessed Book? That is the Bible that God has given to His Church as a legacy, as His chosen instrumentality in the conversion of the world. His message is: "Go, teach all nations;" not only the nations on the other side of the world, but the "Arab" that is at our very gates. "Go, and teach!" How? By seeking the blessing of the Lord upon our work. Here is a field for mission work for every one of us. God grant that you and I may be faithful to our calling in this direction, that we may receive our share in the blessed benediction: "Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

The following extract was found in his pocket-book, and shows the source of his strength:

Our commission from the Lord,
"Feed my lambs."

Our motive power,

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Our responsibility,

"For they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief."

Our strength,

"Our sufficiency is of God."

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Our preparation,

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Our success,

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

CHAPTER VII.

IT has been said that "there are two distinct states and relations, in which the believer in Christ may be contemplated. In the one state, he has repented of sin, believed to the saving of his soul, entertains sincere purposes of obedience, and is not unfruitful in good works. In the other, he has all these, with the power of the Spirit superadded. In the one condition, there is sinning and repenting, thirsting for Christ, and as the Apostle expresses it, 'without are fightings, within are fears.'"

In the other, the dependent soul realizes his sufficiency to be of God, and that he can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth him. In the midst of temptation, trial and sorrow, there is such a soul-rest in the consciousness of God's power, that the exultant cry arises, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb."

Thus it was with the subject of this memoir. In following him through his life, it is impossible to doubt his being a child of God, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, yet it is equally plain that for

years there were longings yet unsatisfied; that he had not yet fully entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

Led and guided by the Spirit of God, working earnestly in His cause, he did not realize the abiding presence of the Comforter in his heart. But in his earnest study of the Scriptures, and his desire to convince the children of the Sabbath-school, of the all-sufficieney of a Saviour's love, he was taught himself.

The Holy Spirit taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto the earnest worker, witnessed of Him as a perfect Saviour, redeeming not only from the guilt of sin, but also from its power;—as One who died for us at Calvary, but who rose again and ascended into Heaven, there to make intercession for His people, and strengthen them by the abiding presence of His Spirit.

The veil was now rent, and in the acceptance of God as his reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, peace flowed in his heart as a river, never hereafter to ebb and flow with the tide of feeling, but as a perennial spring, ever bubbling up in his heart. The promises of God became more real, his fellowship with the Father and the Son increased, and knowing, as he never had done before, the love of Christ which passeth understanding, the days of his mourning for more communion with Him were

ended. In his public and private ministrations, he delighted in testifying to the fulness of the blessing, received by the simple-hearted believer, often quoting Faber's lines:

> "If our faith was but more simple,
> We should take Him at His word;
> And our lives would be all sunshine,
> In the gladness of our Lord."

As a natural sequence, his work for the Lord was more constant and more successful. The varying claims upon him were willingly met, and all, whether small or great, performed as to the Lord. The Winter of '69 and '70 was one of great activity. The church of which he was a member recognizes the truth, that under the new dispensation, all the redeemed children of the Lord are to be kings and priests, and must use the gifts conferred upon them to the edification of the body. Thus, any one, either male or female, may be required to minister in the sanctuary; while the pastoral care of the flock must also devolve upon the individual members. On account of the difficulty of procuring comfortable homes in the city, which drives many into the neighboring towns and cities, the membership of New York Monthly Meeting is scattered over a large field, embracing Brooklyn, Flushing, Jersey City, etc.

In consequence of the distance, very many are pre-

vented from meeting with their fellow-believers in the accustomed place, either in New York or Brooklyn, and feel almost as strangers in their own church.

Ardently desiring a blessing might rest upon his own branch of the Christian Church, and feeling sympathy for these isolated members, Robt. Lindley Murray proposed in one of the business meetings of the church, the appointment of a committee, whose especial work it should be, "to comfort the heart of the stranger, to endeavor to win souls to Christ, and to build up in the most holy faith those who love His name." This was cordially responded to by Friends, the committee appointed, and since that time the labor in that field has been continued.

Into this work he threw himself with his characteristic earnestness. A prayer-meeting was held every week through the Winter, at the houses of different members, when the promise of the Lord to be with His waiting children was fulfilled.

Gatherings were also held in other places. As many of the scattered members as possible, together with the committee, assembled at some convenient locality, and an evening was spent in social and religious communion. These occasions served to brighten the chain of fellowship, while the bond of union in Christ Jesus was strengthened. Another evening was devoted to a Bible-class, of which he

was the leader, and for which he made careful preparation. Speaking of one of these meetings, 2d mo., 1870, he says:

Fourth day we had a large, interesting Bible-class. I had proposed the previous week that we should take up the subject of justification by faith, and study the teaching of the whole Bible upon it, beginning with Genesis. My idea was, that many would be astonished to find this doctrine so fully and clearly shadowed forth, in the dealings of the Almighty with His creatures in the early ages, as well as in the types and ceremonies of the Levitical code.

We had a most interesting lesson to begin with from the Third of Genesis. A very prayerful spirit covered the class; vocally expressed by three different members during the evening. Next week we take the sacrifices of Cain and Abel.

At the close of one of these gatherings, a young woman stopped him, and with tears, thanked him for having helped her so much by his teaching. She said she was just learning to follow Jesus, and the truths she had there heard had been a strength and comfort to her, which she hoped long to remember.

In the course of this Winter, he received a letter from a friend in a neighboring city, requesting his care and interest on behalf of a young man who had lately settled in New York, and who was greatly exercised on account of his soul's salvation.

His low estimate of himself is evident from the manner in which he speaks of this incident:

1 *mo.*, 11*th* 1870. There are poor struggling souls all around me, I expect, and in but few instances do I have the faculty of getting hold of them. I believe there is no unwillingness to do the Lord's work, if He will only show me how, and I do pray Him to show me. The fields are white unto the harvest, and I never more painfully realized the fewness of effective laborers; but I thank God, He is qualifying some among us for greater usefulness.

But not satisfied with praying, that laborers should be sent into the harvest-field, the willing response from his own heart was, "Here am I, send me."

He called upon the young man, carrying the tidings he so loved to tell, of "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." The call was repeated, and kneeling side by side, the elder brother poured out his prayer for the young penitent. The struggling soul found peace, and casting away from everything which had hindered him, he rose up and followed Jesus.

His friend encouraged him to show his love for his new Master by service for Him, gave him a class in his Sabbath-school, which was faithfully attended to. In the prayer-meetings also, he had the satisfaction of hearing him testify to the blessing he had received, while the daily life of the young disciple told that he had been with Jesus. Their intercourse during the Winter was sweet; but as Spring came, the young man was obliged to go away in search of health. The search was fruitless, the Lord had need of him

in the courts above, and before another Winter, he was laid away, testifying to the last, of the great mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

Another work of faith to which R. L. M. felt called, and in which he found, as do all who follow the guidance of the Holy Spirit—his way prepared before him, will be best described in a letter to his wife :

3d mo., 19, 1870. I must tell thee of a labor of love into which the Lord has led me, and which He has crowned with so rich a blessing, that I could hardly sleep, for the songs in the night, with which my heart has been filled. During the whole Winter, the teachers of our school have been resting more than ever on my heart, and have been the subject of my earnest prayers. At the opening of this week it felt to me that it would be right to call personally upon each one of them.

This I have been doing, asking the Lord's blessing upon the visits as one by one they have been made. In every case, I found that the Lord had gone before me, and now we are a united band. All have dedicated themselves to the Lord, have taken Jesus for their Saviour and their King, and resolved, for the remainder of their lives, to seek to please Him. As thou may imagine, some of these little opportunities were most solemn and touching.

He was eminently qualified to call on the lonely and the wandering, his kindly spirit and genial manners winning their way into the most reserved hearts. Besides this, his consciousness of the rest to be found in Jesus, enabled him to speak powerfully of the all-

sufficiency of a Saviour's love. These calls were made in privacy, none knowing of the object, and their full effect can never be known in this life.

But besides all these claims made upon him by the Church, his business required his daily care, and it was wonderful to see how much could be accomplished by steady perseverance and systematic industry.

While his Christian experience was thus becoming more rich and fruitful, there was yet one more step taken, which was productive of great joy to him.

The path in which he walked was by no means a smooth one. He had been subjected to reverses and difficulties in his business life, and though he could trust in his God with childlike confidence, for his salvation, all care had not been cast upon Him.

It pleased the Lord to lead his servant into still closer union with Himself, and enable him not only to rest in the full assurance of being a child, but also to commit unto a covenant-keeping God, the disposal of all his temporal concerns.

The account of the means used in conferring this blessing is given by one who was as a brother beloved, and with whom he often held sweet communion:

> It is well known that the vicissitudes, trials, and changes in his temporal career were many; but through all, his unswerving honesty of purpose, and his Christian patience and fortitude, were so marked, as to cause strangers to query after the hiding of his power.

It was not, however, until the Spring of 1871, that he fully learned the simple, beautiful, and important lesson of casting all his burdens on the Lord, and living free from anxious care, as so fully enjoined upon the believer, 1 Pet. v. 7; Phil. iv. 6–7, etc.; and I believe it would glorify the Lord for me to briefly state the instrumentality used in bringing about this blessed experience. At that time we occupied the same office; he in the commencement of a new, and at the time rather trying business, while I was employed in the endeavor to build up a new, upon the wreck of an old business, so that though the lines of business were different, our temporal situation, and the lines of our experience were sufficiently alike, for us to become very closely allied in interest and sympathy, knowing as we did so much of each other's disappointments and successes, etc. About this time, in connection with the "Faith Home" for the fallen and lost in Water street, the dear minister upon whom—as the instrument—the burden of this work rested, opened a "Consecration and faith," or "Holiness" Meeting, held each second day (Monday) afternoon; one chief object being united prayer for the necessary support and success of that noble Mission. The meetings, like everything connected with this work, were held in a very unostentatious way, no advertisement except as one friend spoke to another about them. In this way we were notified, and found it a blessedly refreshing privilege to steal away from business a little while, to commune with the Lord, and the dear faith band of His children, who were about to meet there. Here we first saw illustrated the practical reality of *full trust* in a living Christ; the servant of the Lord alluded to, and others connected with the work, so dependent for daily supplies and everything, and yet so trustful and joyful in the Lord; often rejoicing with tearful gratitude at the marvelous answers to their prayers of faith; then the experiences given in the Meetings were so teaching

and in such full accord with our theoretical belief, that we were greatly impressed and instructed. And O! what a joyful step it was, when on one of these occasions dear Robert Lindley so definitely cut the last thread of unbelief by *publicly consecrating all* even his cares to the Lord; and as we walked back to our office rejoicing together, his plans were laid with that sense of conservative delicacy that from education characterized most every act, to have his dear wife go there and share too in such an inestimable blessing.

The result of this step of *faith* in his after-experience was manifest to those who mingled with him in secular or Christian effort, even to many unacquainted with the secret or cause thereof. He was always patient and loving, so that scarce a word of complaint passed his lips; but not unfrequently prior to this experience, his sad, pensive countenance evinced the pain and care that his heart felt; after this, however, though his trials and surroundings were much the same, there was a serenity, and mostly a joy of countenance and expression, that indicated the deep settled peace, and absence of carking care that pervaded his trusting life. So marked was this sweet spirit of rest and trust, that though engaged in a business that required much persistency, owing to strong and sometimes unprincipled competition, it was frequently remarked by those who would refuse a hearing to others engaged in the same business, that they liked to see him, his manner and conversation being a source of enjoyment and encouragement to them.

Many of us have occasion to know how remarkably this was the case in his Christian work, and though sometimes misunderstood both as to his motives and methods, how practical and sweet his joyful *trust life* was.

In the Spring of 1871, he was appointed clerk of New York Yearly Meeting, and filled the office great-

ly to the satisfaction of his friends. One of them thus speaks of his service :

I am sure I never knew his equal in his well-balanced mental organization, and no one, I think, who has ever seen him presiding as clerk of New York Yearly Meeting, softly holding the reins of any important discussion in humble submission to the Divine Leadership, recognized by all, gently turning aside a hasty or ill-timed proposal, slowly gathering the prevailing sense of the meeting, fairly estimating and stating any opinions, that perhaps were known to be entirely opposed to his own, tenderly and yet firmly announcing the evident conclusion, which had been arrived at, and finally closing perhaps a most important and agitating subject, and passing quietly to another, with the unanimous acquiescence of the meeting in the decision he had announced. No one who has witnessed an oft-recurring scene like this, could fail to acknowledge the unusual combination of executive ability, with Christian meekness, that with the Lord's blessing had brought about such a peaceful result.

A little incident connected with his position of clerk, is given by the same loved friend, from whom we have before quoted :

The morning after he was first appointed clerk, he grasped my hand with much feeling when I met him, and said, " I want thee to pray especially for me. Last night I allowed the responsibility of my position to take too much hold upon me, so that I could not sleep." I replied that I would, and that he knew where to cast his care, and to definitely ask the Lord to give him rest and sleep. He smiled assent as he passed on to his duties. The next morning he came with beaming countenance to say, " Last night I retired with much the

same feeling as the night before, and I told my dear Saviour that He knew I required rest and sleep to fit me for my service for Him, and I asked Him to prepare me for it. In a few minutes I was asleep, and never slept sweeter nor rested better." Thus did the Lord give His beloved sleep and rest.

About this time feeling that the Lord had other work for him to do, he resigned his position of Superintendent of the First-day School in New York. This step was not taken without much thought and prayer, as his note to the teachers will evince :

My dear fellow-teachers :—After careful consideration, I find it is right for me to forward to you a resignation of my position as Superintendent. You will believe that this is not prompted by any lessening interest in the school, in which, for many years, we have so unitedly labored, nor from any desire to withdraw from the Lord's work, whose cause I love, and in whose service I delight to be engaged.

I shall greatly miss the hours of social and religious fellowship which we have been wont to have together, but be assured I shall continue to pray for you, that individually you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and dedicating yourselves fully to Him, He may make you effective instruments in His hands in promoting His kingdom and glory.

With Christian interest and affection, I remain your Friend.

His fellow-workers accepted this resignation with regret, but expressed a desire that he would continue to meet with them in their teachers' meetings, which he did whenever he was in the city.

It is the practice among the Society of Friends to recognize the gift in the ministry, conferred by the Head of the Church, by enrolling the recipient on their church-books as a minister of the Gospel. During this Summer Robt. Lindley Murray received this formal acknowledgment of the unity of his friends in this service for the Lord.

His earnest, prayerful study of the Scriptures still continued, and thus he was enabled to draw from a rich treasury of things both new and old, in elucidation of the subjects presented to his mind. And waiting in childlike humility for the enduement of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to speak a word in season to the weary, and point the sinner to Christ.

In his teaching in the First-day School and in the assemblies of the people, Jesus Christ and Him crucified was the theme he loved. The complete redemption through a Saviour's blood had long been taught, and now with the new experience he had gained, he delighted to preach a full salvation, and commemorate the keeping power of a perfect Saviour.

In writing to a friend, he gives his views in regard to this solemn office:

7 *mo.*, 1871. *My dear Friend:*—For years I have been in the habit of speaking in our meetings for worship, feeling called of the Lord to do so. I do not remember ever having been so engaged, when to omit it would not have

been turning away from plainly manifested duty. The dear Master has given me great peace, as I have thus in sincerity desired to do His bidding, and He has been pleased occasionally to send me special evidences, that the messages He has sent through me have been blessed. I do most fully accept the truth, that "we are nothing, Christ is all," and that by His power we are to witness for Him. If in any of my public communications, I witness for any but Christ, I desire my friends will call me to account.

So far as I know, I have given myself to the Lord, and desire to have no will but His. I desire to be so entirely in His hands, that He may work in me and by me, according to His own good pleasure. Knowing that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," I have found it to be my duty and pleasure, diligently to study and compare those Divine records, remembering Paul's injunction to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." May the Lord Jesus more fully reveal Himself unto us, not only as a perfect example, but as our atonement for sin, our overcoming Saviour, and our abiding Comforter. And may the prophecy be sweetly fulfilled to thee and to me: "The watchman shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing, for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

And again to the same friend:

5 *mo.*, 19, 1874. The only office of the Holy Spirit to the sinner, is to reprove of sin, and point to Him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for sins that are past. John xvi. 8; John xiv. 17; Rom. iii. 25.

Then comes to the believer the blessed knowledge of a present salvation, which is to be received through faith.

No repentance or sorrow of heart can purchase this gift, and many besides myself can testify to this truth, who have sorrowed and repented for years, and at the end of them, were as far from rejoicing in God's salvation as at the beginning, because they were depending on their sorrow, and on their repentance, instead of on Christ.

Until there is conviction for sin, there can be no reconciliation with God, hence in such a one there can be no trust in the Saviour. Until the children of Israel became aware that the bite of the fiery serpents was a fatal poison, they would not feel particularly troubled about it; but after they had realized it to be certain death, no amount of sorrow because they were bitten, could possibly heal them; it was needful for them to avail of God's appointed remedy. I do, however, fully believe, that there is a keener sorrow for sin on the part of God's forgiven children, than they ever realized before they had experienced His pardoning love.

The catholicity of his spirit enabled him to realize the brotherhood of the Church Universal, and no narrow bounds of sect prevented his fellowship with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

In the Union Church at Chappaqua, or in prayer-meetings of other denominations, as well as in the meetings of his own denomination, he found the same Lord over all.

As President of the Newcastle Bible Society, it was his duty to provide the speakers for the annual meetings. These were chosen from the earnest Bible-workers of different denominations, either minis-

ters or laymen, and were always entertained at his house. And in the morning and evening devotions the brethren of whatever name, knelt side by side, while prayers for strength and grace ascended to one common Father, through the mediation of the one Saviour. Yet with all this unity of feeling, he was firmly established in the principles of his own beloved Society, and was always ready to give a reason of the hope that was in him, so that none could doubt his position. And very earnest were his prayers for his own branch of the Christian Church, that she might be more earnest in promulgating the simple Gospel, believing that this would tend to her growth and prosperity.

To use his own words:

God in His grace has two especial gifts for us, the gift of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, and the privilege of working for Him.

The child of God prays "Thy kingdom come," and desires to spread the sovereignty of Him, of whom he has become a joyful subject. And nothing so tends to conserve the religious life, as waiting upon God in active Christian work. In the external world where there is life, we expect to see motion, we look for motion as an evidence of life, and that motion develops the strength. So in the spiritual realm, the soul that is really made alive in Christ, will not only be careful to maintain good works, but it will be, as it were, the atmosphere on which the soul is nourished.

This is true of the individual, and equally so of the Church. I use the term here, in its familiar application to an associated

body of professed believers in the Lord. The aggressiveness of the religious denomination which we represent, when first gathered to be a distinct people, has been unparalleled since the pentecostal days ; but when the energy of the " Holy Ghost life " was lost, and the period of formalism began, then was inaugurated the decadence in our Church. Then was spread that fatal heresy, " The Lord does not design us to be a proselyting people," and we have been looking on with complacency, and I had almost said, impiously ascribed the diminution of our numbers, to the will of the All-Wise Head of the Church. But I rejoice to know that God is baptizing us with the life-giving and energizing power of the Holy Ghost, which necessarily leads to aggressive Christian work.

The simplicity of his reliance on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, opened many an avenue for usefulness, unknown to those around him. The command, " Go speak to that young man," followed in simple obedience, was often the means of comfort and strength to the recipient. Sometimes a letter would be written to a distant wanderer, which called forth the touching response, " I did not know any one cared for me," and the sense of human sympathy, opened the heart to a realization of the greater love of the Heavenly Friend.

Sitting in a meeting one morning in a neighboring city, he felt a message given him to a young woman present, a stranger to him. Singling her out at the close of the services, he had a long conversation with her. That this was a word in season is evident from a letter written by her soon afterwards.

4 *mo.*, 30, 1874. I well remember that quiet Sabbath, when thy sweet, comforting words fell on my ears, the great rest fell upon my struggling tired soul, and I knew that Jesus loved me.

I was a Christian, though a rebellious one, troubled about many things. I could not see God's mercy or love, and while I asked, "What must I do?" only performed that must through fear. It was dreadful, and then the revulsion was so great, I could not think of anything but that "Jesus loves me."

For weeks I have rested in that calm happiness, and though I feel

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,"

yet I hope to reach the still waters of real faith and perfect trust.

But the portrait of his life will not be complete without drawing back the curtain and revealing him in his own home.

The friend and companion of his children, cheerfully acceding to every reasonable request, he maintained a power over them by his own consistent life. Although very full of engagements, some time each evening was taken for a romp with the little ones, which generally ended in riding upstairs to bed on papa's shoulders.

A valued domestic who had been in the family for seventeen years, gave this testimony after his death, that she had never heard him speak an angry word in that time.

He always had a kindly greeting for those em-

ployed by him, while his dealings with them were so honest and upright, as to call forth from one of them the assertion, that "he was the whitest gentleman he had ever worked for."

He fully accepted the word of the Almighty, when speaking of the blessings in store for Israel, "Yet for all this will I be enquired of, of the house of Israel to do it for them," and he felt it a privilege to assemble his family morning by morning to seek daily strength. He realized the blessed truth that the soul may commune with its Lord in silence, yet on these occasions he felt the promptings of the Holy Spirit to vocal prayer, and very blessed to parents and children were those seasons. To use his own words:

No one can estimate in all their far-reaching consequences, the benefit to every member of the home circle, of a visible recognition among them of Christian faith in daily life. I can commend the practice of daily assembling our families for the purpose of waiting upon the Lord for a renewal of strength. As we are thus found waiting, I believe we shall be favored with seasons of refreshing as from His presence; the spirit of supplication will be poured out upon us, and from the little band thus assembled in His fear and in His love, the voice of prayer and thanksgiving will ascend an acceptable offering before the Lord.

The children whom we so dearly love will behold our confession of the Redeemer's name, and thus it will be easier for them to acknowledge Him.

We shall not be clear before Him if we fail in this important point;—"The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous

man availeth much," and a blessing upon the children, and upon all who are in the house, will descend from the God of Israel, in answer to the prayer of the father or mother. And let us remember the mercies of the Lord are new every morning, and like the manna in the wilderness, must be sought with daily care if we would taste them in their sweetness.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME one once asked that servant of the Lord, John Wesley, "Supposing you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now."

He then gave a list of engagements already laid out for him, till the next evening at ten o'clock, when he added, "I should retire to my room, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Although the nearness of his approach to the eternal world was hidden from the subject of this memoir, the knowledge could scarcely have increased his service during the last Summer of his life. His dedication had never been more perfect, nor the sweetness of his spirit more manifest.

In the early part of 7th mo., he spent a few days very pleasantly and very profitably at Ocean Grove, in attendance upon an unsectarian meeting for the promotion of holiness. His whole soul was in uni-

son with the objects of this meeting, and his interest in the proceedings was so intense, that one of his Philadelphia friends who was there, tried in vain to obtain from him some sign of recognition.

Shortly before he left, however, they met, and after expressing his enjoyment of the occasion, Robert Murray said to her: "Go tell Dr. H. from me, to write a paper for the 'Friends' Review,' describing this blessed season, and how the Lord blesses the union of Christians."

The doctrines upheld in these meetings he believed to be those of the Gospel, and also quite in accordance with the views promulgated by George Fox and his coadjutors. They fully realized the deplorable condition of the unregenerate soul, described by the Apostle Paul in the words, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." But they also as fully appreciated the blessed truth, that the believer in Christ is made "free from the law of sin and death," and enabled "always to triumph in Christ Jesus."

With the full realization of the joy with which the Apostle could exclaim, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," Robt. Lindley Murray longed that others should have the same experience. This rendered him more earnest in circulating the writings of early Friends, as well as the tracts and papers written by other

Christians. In response to some volumes he sent to a gentleman he met at one of these Holiness meetings, he received the following brotherly reply :

Many thanks to you, my dear brother, for your welcome gift. I am indeed a believer in, and through grace, a possessor of this precious full salvation. I have greatly rejoiced in the revival of this great truth among the Friends. I have met with very many precious members of your Society at our camp meetings and elsewhere, and my heart has been greatly drawn towards them. Truly we are all one in Christ Jesus. He is "all and in all." I anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of these volumes, and hope also to derive much profit from the same.

Yours in Christ Jesus.

Three weeks before his death he went with his wife to visit their friends in Massachusetts. A series of meetings was to be held at South Yarmouth, and they joined others who were going. As the Sabbath approached, he proposed with his characteristic humility to leave the services in the town to the strangers, and go himself to a little fishing village about a mile distant. There was no regular meeting held in this place, and it was necessary to give some information of the proposed meeting. Accordingly, with two or three others, he walked through the sand to the place, calling at the different houses, and inviting the inhabitants to a Bible-school in the morning, and a meeting in the evening.

The Methodist meeting-house where services were

occasionally held, was kindly offered for the purpose. The invitations were cordially received, and the next morning, in a pouring rain, a little band started to attend the Bible-school. Notwithstanding the storm, quite a company had gathered, and his simple teaching of the life of faith, called forth a touching response from a gentleman present, who stated that in the loss of a darling son, he had found his Saviour able to sustain, but that he had long wished to know the secret of support under the minor trials and vexations of life. He was thankful for the lesson he had that day learned, of the keeping power of an abiding Saviour.

At the appointed hour in the evening the house was filled, and powerfully did the Holy Spirit enable this devoted servant to portray the character of his Master. As one who knew whom he believed, he exalted the Lord Jesus as the Redeemer and Leader of His people, and his prayer for a blessing on the gathered assembly brought tears to many eyes. At the close of the meeting a cordial farewell was extended, and the laborer went on his way, those who then so lovingly bade him, "God-speed," little thinking that a fortnight longer was all the time allotted to him for service on the earth.

[The remainder of the visit is well described by a beloved fellow-laborer in a letter at the close of this volume].

On his return to New Bedford he was a partici-

pant in a pleasant picnic of the Friends' Sabbath-school, held in the lovely grounds of a gentleman's residence on the sea-shore. It was a charming day, the sea breezes playing through the trees, and the waves leaping up in the sunshine, while the groups of happy children, playing on the lawn, added to the brightness of the scene.

Entering with his accustomed zest into the pleasure of the day, he joined the children in their sports, or held converse with the older persons present, till the hour came for separation. The children then gathered around him, while he spoke briefly and earnestly of the joyous occasion, but of the brevity and uncertainty of all earthly things. In the course of his remarks he related the following incident:

A lady, the belle of the season, at a watering-place in England, young, beautiful, admired, surrounded by all that the world can give to make life bright, was yet oppressed by a sense of the fleeting nature of all its pleasures; that soon she would have passed away, and another would fill her place. On her return from a ball one night she wrote on the window-pane with the diamond of her ring:

"To think of Summers yet to come
That I shall never see;
To think a flower is yet to bloom
Of dust that I shall be."

The next year a Christian lady occupied the room. She read the lines upon the window-pane, sent for a diamond and wrote under them the following:

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I shall die no more.
O, where shall then my portion be,
Where shall I spend eternity?"

Turning the minds of the children from death to life everlasting, he closed with the desire that every one of that company might meet again in the better and brighter world above.

While he was thus speaking the thought crossed the mind of one of his audience, "Why does he speak of death, he is the embodiment of life?" It was, however, his last farewell to those whom he had often endeavored to lead to the Saviour, and it was fitting, that on the threshold of the eternal world, he should dwell on the glorious truth, that life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel. He next attended Smithfield Quarterly Meeting held at Bolton, in the interior of Massachusetts. This visit is thus described by a friend with whom he had been intimately connected, but whom he had not met for some years:

I cannot tell what a glad feeling it gave me, when on sitting down in my accustomed place in the old meeting-house at Bolton, I looked up and saw Robert Lindley sitting at the head of the meeting. And his ministry afterwards came to me with a wonderful refreshing. I was sitting there for the first time in nine years, with so many about me that I knew and loved, but, oh, with a so much greater company about

me, of those who had gone on before to the general assembly, and with my heart in such a tender mood, thinking of all the past and all the living and the dead—his words came to me with a peculiar force and fitness. I felt thankful for it then, I feel more than ever thankful for it now. My sister said to me, when we were speaking of him, and how good and truly inspired he seemed, "Did thou see his face during his prayer? It was beautiful;" and soon after hearing of his death, she wrote to me, and referred to it again, saying, "It seemed to her as though he must have seen the Heavenly Gates opening for him, and the light was streaming down upon him!"

A few days at Lynn, and the attendance of Salem Quarterly Meeting, finished the visit, and the travelers' steps were turned towards the home soon to be his no longer.

As he knelt with his wife in their stateroom on the night of their return, the Holy Spirit prompted a prayer, seeming strange at the time, but the reason why was soon revealed. After returning thanks for the pleasant journey, and the opportunities which had been afforded of service for the Lord, the prayer arose for continued strength for the burdens of life that might await them, "heavier perchance than they had ever known." A cloud seemed to hang before them, and like the disciples of old, they "feared when they entered in," but with the prayer that

> "He who had helped them hitherto
> Would help them all their journey through,"

this care too was cast upon the Lord.

A week was spent at home in the pursuit of daily duties, while in the hours of relaxation his garden occupied his attention. On being expostulated with, for remaining out so late in the evening, he said with a sweet smile, "I wanted you to have plenty of strawberries next Summer." As this was his favorite fruit, the use of the pronoun you, excited some surprise, but nothing further was said.

The last Sabbath of his life came, and in his own meeting in the morning, the Holy Spirit enabled him to speak with so much power, as to induce the remark from one Friend to another after the meeting, "How Robert Lindley grows! what will he be when he is fully ripe?" The prophetic answer came all unconsciously to her who made it: "He may be more fully matured than we are aware of."

In the evening meeting of the Union Church at Chappaqua, he read the latter part of the tenth chapter of Luke, and commented upon it at greater length than usual. The restoring love of God in Christ Jesus was always his favorite theme, and this night he seemed full of his subject. Briefly attending to the attendant circumstances, he portrayed with much feeling the wretched condition of the lonely traveler, attacked by thieves in that wild road, and lying in the highway, "sick and wounded, and ready to die."

The priest and Levite going to or from their duties

at Jerusalem, would naturally pass that way, and it was their peculiar office to care for such helpless cases as he. The law strictly requiring that if even an ox or an ass fell by the wayside, and needed assistance, it should be rendered; much more then should the distress of a human being be relieved. But they drew their robes about them with the feeling, "I am holier than thou," and went by on the other side. They even came and looked upon the distress, but no feeling of pity moved them to stop. Perhaps they were in haste to attend to their duties in the Temple, not realizing that assistance to the forlorn and desolate is more acceptable service than the most strict attention to formal rites of religion.

The comparison was then drawn between man in the world without Christ, and this wounded sufferer. As the highwaymen waited in this rocky pass to rob the passers-by, so does the great enemy of souls lie in wait to entrap the heedless traveler on life's journey. Wearied and sick of sin, yet utterly unable to deliver himself from the burden or the thraldom, his case is fitly represented by the wounded traveler in the parable. The professor of religion, whose duty it is to point out the remedy, is too often ready to shrink from the lost and fallen specimens of humanity, and pass by on the other side. And in his utter helplessness there seems no way of relief, no hope for the wretched slave of Satan. But "thank

God, there is a remedy," and the face of the speaker lighted up as he unfolded the love that prompted the Lord Jesus to come down to the most forlorn, that He might lift them up. Not waiting till they were able to come to Him, but like the good Samaritan going to the wounded, binding up his wounds, and carrying him Himself to a place of refuge. And even this was not all; not content with taking him from his deplorable state, He provided also for his future wants.

The all-sufficiency of the Saviour's love was then impressively dwelt upon, and warming with his theme, the minister spoke of his own private experience of this Saviour's love. It was very unusual for him to speak of himself in his ministrations, but in this last opportunity of witnessing for his Lord, he magnified his Master as one who never disappoints the trust of His children. He exalted Jesus as his support in the past, and his trust for the future, and his face beamed with love, as he closed his remarks, by repeating the following lines, as the expression of his own feelings:

" I left it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sin I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His still, small whisper,
' 'Tis for thee,'

From my heart the burden
Rolled away.
Happy day!

"I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile.
When my weakness leaneth
On His might
All seems light.

"I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast;
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

"Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul;
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are waiting
On His hand;
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes thee room;
O come home!"

The touching pathos with which the last verse was repeated is indescribable, and he looked round upon the audience, as if he would fain draw them all to the same blessed Saviour, that they too might know of the great rest an entire self-surrender induces. Never more were his words to be heard in that assembly ; and commending them, with himself, to the keeping of a covenant God, they parted till the day of the great gathering before the Lord shall reveal who are His children.

A peculiar joyousness marked the last day of his life ; nothing seemed to be a burden, and on his return from the city in the evening, his light, springing step echoed through the house as with the buoyancy of youth. It was necessary to attend a business meeting of the officers of the Newcastle Bible Society, about four miles from his house, and his coadjutors remarked after the meeting was over, "How very bright and animated Robert Lindley was to-night." He returned home in safety, and as he drove in at the gate, those who were waiting for him, heard him singing a hymn as he passed the house on his way to the stable. His voice came out with a joyous ring, as he called his man to take the horse ; but in a moment he was lying on the ground with his right limb broken. Forgetting that he was driving a young horse, he threw down the lines before the man reached him. The horse started to run to the stable, throwing him with

violence to the ground, and dragging him some distance.

When assistance reached him he was perfectly calm and collected, giving directions what was to be done, and trying to relieve the fears of his wife, by assuring her that he was not seriously injured; "Only my leg broken," he said quietly. He thought of everything that was necessary, and seemed to be the most helpful one of the company. He was carried to the house, and the surgeons arriving soon afterwards, set the limb temporarily and left him in comparative comfort.

After all was done that could be, and the family had retired, his wife remembering the remarks of the previous night, asked him "if he could cast this care upon Jesus." He answered with a bright smile, "Oh, yes; *all* of it." He then said that all the time the doctors were setting the limb, this verse had been in his mind:

"In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide,
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to abide.

O, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings,
I am safe from all danger,
When under His wings.

There was no sleep for him that night, for a severe pain soon came on in his back, increasing as the day

approached; but there was no murmuring or complaining. It was a night of precious communion, though nothing foretold that it was to be the last. Once his wife saw his eyes fixed upon her with such a look of earnest love, yet with a wistful expression that made her ask if he wanted to say anything. He said "No," and closed his eyes for a while, but unconsciously to both, it was his last farewell. The severity of the pain increased to agony, was somewhat relieved after the surgeon's second visit, when the limb was firmly set, and he was placed in as comfortable a position as possible. "Now, sir," said the doctor, "can you be patient, and lie still for six weeks?" "Oh, yes," was the quiet reply; "as long as it is necessary;" but the Great Physician had other views, and instead of the long, tedious confinement, the golden gates were even then opening to receive his freed spirit. After the doctor left, he fell into a quiet sleep, which rejoiced the hearts of those who had watched with him through that suffering night and day. Later in the evening, as his son wished some needful attention to business, he was aroused, but with difficulty. It seemed hard to make him understand what was wanted, but at last he tried to affix his name to a checque. It was a poor substitute for the clear, firm hand in which he generally wrote, and utterly useless; but he was so drowsy it was concluded to wait till morning. No anxiety was felt, however; the previous night of wakefulness

and suffering seemed sufficient reason for the stupor. As his son turned away, the father roused up a little, saying, "It is all right, Rob." It was well that message was given; his last words to those who so soon found it very hard to realize that what seemed so wrong to human feeling, could be all right with God.

About midnight, convulsions came on, and though he lingered for four days longer, there was no mark of intelligence. The strong frame was racked with frequent convulsions, agonizing to those who witnessed them, but he was mercifully spared all consciousness of the suffering. Without the pain of parting from his loved ones, or the thought of leaving them alone in the world, the spirit released from the trammels of flesh, was ushered into the presence of his Lord, scarcely knowing how he came there. And yet those who went with him to the brink of the river, could almost hear the rapturous cry, "Rabboni," when bending before Him whom he had so loved on earth, all the desires of his soul were satisfied in the fulness of the Lord.

As one of his friends expressed it, "Just think what it must have been for him to see his Saviour face to face; just think of the fulness of his joy. He so fully confessed his Lord before men, and now he has received the fulfillment of the promise of being himself acknowledged before His Father and the Holy

Angel. How sweet to be ushered into heaven as the friend of the Lord Jesus, redeemed by His blood, and kept by His mighty power."

Thus in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, and from a position in his family and in the church in which he seemed to be so necessary, he was suddenly snatched away. Dark was the dispensation to human eye, but faith answers, "The Lord had need of him." The earthly work, seemingly incomplete, was finished for him, and he was needed in the ranks of those who are "before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple." Blessed service! no longer intermingled with anxiety or sorrow, for "the Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And from none in that happy company will the anthem of praise ascend with more perfect realization of its force, than from him whose life we have thus followed from childhood to maturity. The song learned on earth, swells to a fuller chorus now: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. For thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood."

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke and caught his Captain's eye,
Then strong in faith and prayer,

"His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long welfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY BY ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

TO a stranger it would be difficult to convey a fair estimate of Robert Lindley Murray's character without a complete record of his life. We meet so rarely with such a combination of almost perfect gentleness and amiability of temper, with such a resolute firmness of purpose—such graceful Christian courtesy in stating, or yielding his own opinions, with such a fearless independence in forming them —such a quiet and unfeigned humility of manner, with so much dignity and self-possession, that it would seem to require a personal knowledge of the man, or a faithful description of his daily life to do him justice, or to appear not to overdraw the picture.

Although my acquaintance with Robert Lindley first commenced at Haverford College, in our early manhood, yet as he was in an advanced class, I saw but little of him there ; and he left that institution two years before I did, to enter on the duties of active life. Living from that time in different cities and States, our paths seemed to diverge so widely, that I could contribute little of interest in regard to him, from personal knowledge, until we were again brought together in the work of the Lord, at a General Meeting at Cornwall, New York, in the Autumn of 1873.

There, his loving welcome of an old schoolmate, to the new field of service into which I had been called, I shall never forget; how he threw his arm around me, and walked

two miles with me, one evening at the close of the meetings, telling me that he had thanked God, and taken courage in view of the gift in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, which was first conferred on me there. Nor less warmly cherished are his faithful, though loving, admonitions, given with such tenderness and consideration that they never offended, and yet never failed of their due influence and impression on my mind.

I met him afterwards at the Poughkeepsie General Meeting in the Winter, and at the Yearly Meeting at Rochester in the following Spring, 1873, and always pleasantly and profitably to myself. His closing prayer of thanksgiving to the Master of Assemblies for His manifested presence and power on that last occasion, with a fervent petition for the Lord's continued care over His own Church, and every member of it, seemed to me at the time very solemn and impressive.

At the Newport General Meeting that Summer, I again saw Robert Lindley, and was much struck with a circumstance that occurred there, showing his soundness and clearness of judgment as to Christian doctrines, and yet the blessed experience he enjoyed of the Lord's love and communion.

Some one had spoken at length on the text, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things," etc., and had been led to a solemn consideration of the reality of the Eternal Judgment of the wicked, and of all those who neglected the great salvation provided for us here; together with a presentation of the evident truth that in that dark world of endless woe, the reason would be vital and active, and the memory vivid and eternal; and that the keenest pang the lost soul would feel in that world, might be a recollection of the mercies, and the warnings, and the invitations it had rejected or neglected in this.

At the conclusion, Robert Murray arose with a full ac-

knowledgment of the Scriptural truth of everlasting rewards and punishments hereafter, and an endorsement of what had been presented in connection with the text quoted; and then, as if to harmonize, so far as possible, all difference of opinion or expression, he turned the subject to his own overflowing testimony for time and eternity to the Saviour's wondrous love for himself, closing aptly with the well-known verse:

> "Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
> When in His beauty I see the great King;
> This shall my song through Eternity be,
> Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

The following Winter he was in Philadelphia, and I was present at a meeting at which he preached most solemnly from this very text; wisely bringing forth out of his treasury, to illustrate it, things new and old.

I am more careful to preserve this record, because it bears witness at once to his own loving experience, and yet to his inflexible adherence to the unalterable truths of Divine Revelation; at a time, too, when many professed ministers of the Lord Jesus seem to shrink from a declaration of His solemn warnings to all those who reject the free invitations of His glorious Gospel.

During this visit to Philadelphia, I also met him at my brother's house in Germantown, where a small company of friends were gathered, and the evening closed with a season of prayer. R. L. Murray read with great feeling the Fifty-first Psalm, expounding it as an agonizing cry for pardon from the guilt and deliverance from the power of grievous sin, going up from the heart of one of the Lord's backsliding children, who had once known the joys of His salvation and the presence of His Holy Spirit.

He very clearly explained how the Psalmist found it impossible, without a full restoration of these, either to find

peace himself or to do anything towards the instruction of transgressors or the conversion of sinners, and therefore, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of others, he cried out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit."

He then turned to the closing verse of the 56th Psalm, where David praises the Lord for "delivering his soul from death," and besought Him "also to deliver his feet from falling, that he might walk before the Lord in the light of the living."

Passing from this stage of the Psalmist's experience to his happy realization of the keeping power he had so ardently longed for, our attention was then called to his loving and triumphant song of praise in the 116th Psalm: "I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication. . . . . Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou *hast* delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

It would not be possible at this time to recall in detail the instructive lesson Robert Lindley drew from these touching and beautiful passages; but in his gentle and persuasive manner, he sought to impress upon those around him, that as David realized the power of the Lord, so to keep his "feet from falling," that he walked before Him "in the light of the living," it was equally possible for every redeemed child of God now, by the grace and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ, to "walk in the light as He is in the light," and to know that His precious blood continually "cleanseth him from all sin."

At the Yearly Meeting held at New York in the Spring of 1874, over which, for the last time, Robert Murray pre-

sided as Clerk (and at which the important subject of the alteration of the Queries was disposed of,) I was especially impressed by his wise and gentle guidance of its various deliberations, to a satisfactory conclusion. He would more than once softly remind those assembled, that they were considering the interests of the Lord's Church; and would urge upon all a prayerful, reverent, and conciliatory spirit in their discussion.

About this time, as he told me himself a few weeks afterwards, his faith was greatly strengthened by an act of simple obedience to what seemed to be a very small duty. Some one at a distance not considering, as he thought, his constant engagements, had written to ask him to make a selection of tracts and little books for a neighboring Sabbath-school. When he opened the letter, his first impulse was to hand it to his clerk to reply in his behalf, that it was impossible for him to attend to its request, owing to the pressure of so many engagements, exclaiming aloud, "Why, of all others in the city, should they have sent this to me?" When, all at once, he said, a soft answer, as from the Lord Himself, came lovingly through His heart, "It is My service, do it for My sake." He immediately left his office, went to the several tract repositories, and spent hours in the careful selection of such publications, as from his knowledge of the neighborhood, he thought would be most appropriate to its wants; and he told me that in no service of his life, small or great, had he ever a more sweet and overflowing sense of his Saviour's presence and peace, than while engaged in this work. And from that time he would never consider whether the service presenting were a small or great one, but only whether it was really for the Lord; feeling sure that if it were so, its cheerful performance would be acceptable in His sight.

As our dear brother passed so soon afterwards from all

earthly work to his everlasting reward, I have thought perhaps that he was taught that sweet lesson for the sake of others who might read this simple record, now that he is gone.

I come now to the saddest, and yet to me the most interesting recollections of my dear friend. I remember how kindly he consented to join us in some proposed meetings at Yarmouth; and how pleasantly he did so, his self-denying efforts in personally calling together the neighboring families to a meeting in the little church at South Dennis, (which we afterward heard was a season of especial favor) and the solemn closing meeting the next day at South Yarmouth. Then came, in the afternoon, that hot, dusty ride, in cars, crowded to overflowing with visitors to the camp-meeting at Hyannis; and I shall never forget his patience with the conductor, who wrongfully refused our excursion tickets, and obliged us to pay fare both ways; nor how he took two little children on his knees, who were wearily standing in the aisle; and the next minute gracefully gave up his own seat to a poor old woman for whom there was no other provision.

The last view I ever had of him living, was thus standing in her place, as the trains separated us for different fields of service.

A fortnight had not elapsed before a telegram brought us the sad tidings of the fatal accident, and of Robert Murray's extreme danger. We were about to commence, in company with a friend from Maine, who had been with us, a series of meetings at Allen's Neck, (Mass.,) when the news reached us; and I remember how at New Bedford Meeting, where only three weeks before he had been with us, there were few dry eyes, as I alluded to the possibility of our great loss, in considering the text, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

On the last day of the week at Allen's Neck, we remained near the meeting-house at the close of the afternoon session in company with our friend H. W., awaiting the evening meeting; and taking our bibles, went over to the graveyard adjoining, to speak and to read about that happy land where our beloved brother was so soon to enter.

It was a glorious sunset; and the golden clouds hung over the western heavens, like the portals of the bright world to come. We read aloud, verse by verse alternately, parts of the 4th, 5th, 7th, 21st, and 22d chapters of Revelations, containing a description of the Heavenly City; its walls of jasper, its gates of pearl, and its golden streets—and of its innumerable multitudes singing their everlasting song of praise to the Lord God and the Lamb.

"Perhaps he is just now entering those radiant gates," I said aloud; "perhaps to-night he will join those endless praises." It was even so; we learned the next morning by a telegram that he had passed away at about that time, and we hastened to pay the last tribute of love and respect to his memory.

I will not attempt, nor is it needful to describe that funeral —the stricken home-circle, the mourning friends, the people of the neighborhood so lately called together at his invitation for spiritual improvement, now gathered around his grave. We told them that we sorrowed not as those who had no hope, because we believed that "if Jesus died and rose again, them also which slept in Jesus would God bring with Him;" and that our dear brother "was not dead, but sleeping,"—asleep in Jesus.

The beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber came so freshly before me, that I could not but repeat a portion of it:

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
Thy Saviour hath passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the light of His love was thy guide thro' the gloom.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we may not deplore thee,
Since Jesus hath walked thro' its shade by thy side,
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died."

T. K., Jr.

COMFORT YE.

Night and morning we implore
Him who mourns with your distress,
Mercies on your head to pour,
And upon the fatherless.
Him who binds the broken heart
To sustain His stricken one,
And ability impart,
Still to say, "Thy will be done,"
Him who bore away our sin
To the darkness of the tomb,
To let the floods of glory in
On the prison of your gloom.

. . . . . .

Who our loss our grief shall tell?
Who can measure our dismay?
A great man in Israel,
Fallen in our midst to-day.
That Thy heritage may know
Thou wilt never leave it faint,
Double portion, Lord, bestow
Of the spirit of thy saint.
Glad and pure it was, for so
In Thy inmost light he stood,
Strong to grasp, and clear to show,
The salvation of Thy blood.

Call not brief his working day,
'T was from early morn begun,
"Yea," celestial warrior say,
"Come to early rest, well done!"

Doubt looks downward with a sigh
On his life-task incomplete,
Faith beholds a work on high,
For perfected spirits meet.
Sweet, unknown, important, best,
For which earthly toils prepare,
There his service is his rest,
God had need of him e'en there.

Weeping eyes are not too dim
To discern his homeward flight,
Up, through ranks of seraphim,
Into realms of starry light.
Hark! that welcome! Lo! that crown!
Oh! that place of deep repose!
Where the Saviour meets His own,
'T would repay a thousand throes.
The beloved disciple's love
Our lamented one hath shown,
And on Jesus' breast above
He shall rest with sweet St. John.

Blessed Author of his faith,
Broken praise to Thee we bring,
For his peace in pain and death,
"In the shadow of Thy wing."
Through the anguish of farewell,
Oh, in deathless memory,
May his last injunction dwell,
"All our care to cast on Thee."

L. T. L.

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